THE

LADIES' MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1829.

J. W. VON GOETHE.

This great man has long exercised a powerful influence over the literature of Germany: statues have been erected in honour of him in several cities; and the veneration which his name excites is not confined to his own country: it extends over Europe, and the first poets of England and France have not been ashamed to appear amongst his imitators and translators.

He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on the 28th of August, 1749. His family was respectable, and at an early age he entered the University of Leipzig, where he continued until his studies were completed. He subsequently settled at Veitzlau, where he wrote "The Sorrows of Werter," and soon after made the tour of Germany. During his journey he met the young Prince Charles Augustus, the Grand-duke of Saxe Weimar, who invited him to the court of Weimar, where he has continued to reside ever since. With that universality which is the characteristic of genius, he turned his attention to every branch of composition alternately, and succeeded in all. To him may be attributed that wholesome change in the spirit of the literature of Germany which has raised it so high. Before Goethe the French writers were the only models upon which those of Germany formed their labours. He first taught them to despise so servile a habit, and showed them at once the necessity and possibility of giving a national feature and an original character to their compositions. Goethe's own works are numerous and important; his fertile pen has produced an abundance of poems and dramas, and one or two of his novels have recently been translated into English.

The veneration in which he has been held by his countrymen reaches almost to ridiculous enthusiasm; and Madame de Staël said, with little exaggeration, that a German would believe the direction of a letter, if written with his hand, would display proofs of genius. Such travellers as visit Germany are solicitous to obtain a sight of this literary lion; and Dr. Granville describes him as by no means gratified when approached by strangers who have not gone through the regular formula of an introduction. "He is," the doctor says, "on the contrary, most amiable, all affability and playfulness, as when in his younger days, if visited by

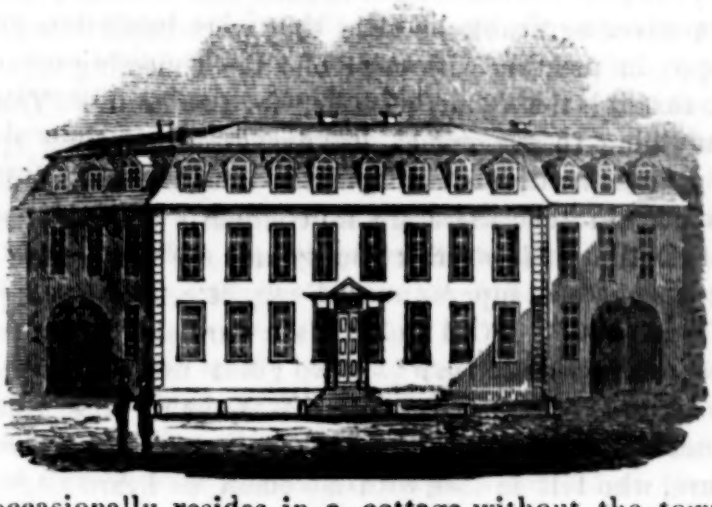
appointment. At his advanced age, which has now reached its seventy-ninth year, exposed to be stared at as a lion, and made frequently to pay the forfeit of his celebrity, by submitting to the impertinent intrusions of the idle and the curious, it is no matter of surprise that Goethe should appear to have some *bizarrerie* in his manners."

Dr. Granville, giving an account of his interview, says, "At half-past ten precisely, Goethe made his appearance in one of his classically-decorated withdrawing rooms, into which I had been but the moment before introduced. He advanced towards me with the countenance of one who seems not to go through the ceremony of a first greeting *à contre cœur;* and I felt thankful to him for that first impression upon my mind. His person was erect, and denoted not the advance of age. His open and well-arched eyebrows, which give effect to the undimmed lustre of the most brilliant eye I have ever beheld; his fresh look and mild expression of countenance, at once captivated my whole attention; and when he extended his friendly hand to welcome me to his dwelling, I stood absorbed in the contemplation of the first literary character of the age. The sound of his voice, which bespeaks peculiar affability, and the first questions he addressed to me respecting my journey, however, recalled me from my reverie, and I entered at once into the spirit which presided at the interview, alike free from frivolity and haughty reserve. I found him in his conversation ready, rather than fluent; following, rather than leading; unaffected, yet gentlemanly; earnest, yet entertaining; and manifesting no desire to display how much he deserved the high reputation which not only Germany, but Europe in general, had simultaneously acknowledged to be his due. He conversed in French, and occasionally in English, particularly when desirous to make me understand the force of his observations on some recent translations of one or two of his works into that language."

Goethe has been favourably distinguished by the bounties of Nature, in his person as well as in his intellect. He enjoys robust health, his figure is noble and majestic, his face handsome and intelligent, and his features do not convey to ordinary beholders an age which he has reached. At seventy years of age he had not a single grey hair. One of his countrymen, alluding to this, paid him an elegant compliment; he accounted for it, by saying that the eternal sunshine of his genius bid defiance to the snows of time. He enjoys advantages and distinctions which rarely fall to the lot of literary men; he has the favour of princes,

the admiration of the people, and the enjoyment of a competent fortune.

As every thing appertaining to such a man is at once curious and interesting, we shall here present our readers with a view of his house at Weimar.



He occasionally resides in a cottage without the town; and like his principal dwelling it is unostentatious and neat. He has only one child, a son, who is an *employé* at the Board of Finance, and who has been some years married.

WANDERINGS IN FRANCE.—NO. VI.

THE CARNIVAL—THE OPERA MASKED BALL.

Among the gay scenes of continental life I always enjoy the carnival, particularly in France; in Spain and Portugal it is not so pleasant, owing to some very annoying practical jokes, which French politeness, with all the hilarity that is felt during the short and festive season of Shrove-tide, never commits.

I resolved, however, if I only remained in Paris for that period, to be present at this season of thoughtless mirth; and without mingling in the night adventures of the young Frenchman who had intreated of me to make his house my own, during my stay, I could enjoy the sight of the motley groups (from the balcony) which thronged the streets, in every varied disguise that human fancy could suggest, and help to receive those crowds of friends who enter, masked, into the different houses of their acquaintance, from the commencement until the end of the ball at the Opera House.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Derville came home; I, who had preferred a seat near the fire to the tumult of the

ball, listened attentively to my young host as he eagerly related his adventures of the night. "I will not pretend to say," he began, "that I have been much amused; I met with some masks which were very insipid; I found out several females to whom their *domino* could not impart that wit which they never possessed; several young men rather vulgar in their conversation, and fancying themselves agreeable because they were impertinent. But I was happy in meeting with one; oh! the charming creature! I walked through the rooms with her for two hours. You never heard anything so *piquant* as her conversation: such sprightly sallies, so much wit, such a brilliant imagination! Oh! I will never say again that there are no conquests to be made at the Opera balls!" "How quick young men are to take fire! Perhaps it is some old superannuated coquette, who taking advantage of a mask—" "Old! old! I am sure she is not twenty." "You saw her face, then?" "No; but the sweet, youthful, and silvery tone of her voice; ah! it was one of those voices that penetrates to the very heart!" "Do you not recollect Rousseau's adventure, who fell in love with a woman he heard singing, and who was more ugly than sin?" "Ah! my dear friend, the woman I speak of *must* be pretty; nature would have made a sad mistake if to so much grace and wit she had not united beauty; besides, did I not perceive that her form was exquisite, and she had a little foot, enough to make one die with love for her."

I could not forbear laughing: however, we soon betook ourselves to repose. The dreams of Derville were enchanting. He did not cease to pursue his seductive *incognita*; she suffered him to squeeze her hand; she appeared to listen to him with pleasure; he even might, she added, obtain permission to untie her mask, and one of the prettiest faces ever seen might realize all the hopes of his new-born passion.

The masked balls at the Opera were not yet over. Derville went to every one. He had carefully remarked every new addition to the costume, which had concealed from his eyes her who had made on him so lively an impression. He sought for her long in vain. He could not again discover that black domino which covered a coat trimmed with the most costly lace: he wandered with much disquietude through every part of the rooms. At one moment he fancied he beheld her; it was the same form, her manner was the same; but he soon found it was not her, and he became melancholy. I had, on this night, been prevailed on to accompany him; and I could not forbear

laughing to see him so chagrined. "Do you look for fidelity at a masquerade?" said I; "you are worse than a child; this is the very classic land of perjury. At a carnival masked ball at the Opera love ceases with the night; woe to him who waits for the *denouement*." Derville left me much dissatisfied, and yet still in the hope of discovering his heroine.

He did not deceive himself: she came. It was her graceful style of dress which fixed his attention. He knew again those large, jetty curls which peeped out between the cap and the mask, seemingly ready to excite curiosity, and render love desperate by inspiring it. He approached her: she appeared astonished at seeing him again; but she soon after testified how much his constancy had flattered her, and they were lost together in the crowd, where they could find all the charms of a *tête-à-tête* independent of solitude.

She again escaped: vainly he tried to follow her, and find out where she dwelt; she had disappeared, and the poor bachelor, separated from his Eurydice, went home in melancholy mood.

I stayed a little while after him: when I arrived at his dwelling he had not yet retired to rest. "Well!" said I, "you are a happy fellow, you have seen her again; I will make a present of your head to the infernal gods, if this beauty is not all your own." "Alas! no; I have only obtained her promise that she will be at the next ball, and then I do hope—" "Pardon me, you are very silly, and you deserve to be planted there for ever. What does she take you for? Ah! now I know; you appear younger than you really are, and you wish to affect the timidity of a college student to excite her curiosity; the idea is not a bad one," "And pray what became of you? I never saw you after I met with her, I should have liked very much for you to have seen her." "I took refuge in one of the boxes, where I fell asleep. The deuce take such masked balls! How can any one be amused by them? All Paris is there, and yet there seems nobody. You meet, perhaps, a female that pleases you, and she is off like a shot: I wished to disguise myself by a mask and assumed character; but every body knew me by my English air, and my manner of holding my eye-glass."

The day, or rather the night, arrived, when the ball was expected to be the best; it was the evening that Derville was to meet his Corinna, and he did not fail to attend at the Opera. By the time the places for receiving tickets and money were first opened, he was ready; he gained the door, ran up the stair-case, and paraded through the yet empty rooms, which would soon be

crowded with those who could not enjoy a similar pleasure under a twelvemonth to come. By degrees, the masks began to arrive; but an hour elapsed before the assembly was complete. Derville wandered mournfully among these unknown personages; he answered not a word to some mischievous questions addressed to him by two or three little masks; and, as he since told me, he greatly regretted that I would not accompany him to help him to support the burthen of these lagging moments.

She had promised to be before the clock in the first room. He went there every minute to see if he could discern her; as if an attraction like that of the load-stone drew him unceasingly to that point. At the end of an hour of expectation and punishment, he perceived her, but she was leaning on the arm of a tall man, who resembled more a president of the *Cour royale* than a frequenter of balls. She seemed not to see Derville; but at the end of a few minutes, she left the arm of her companion and accepted that of the deeply-smitten young man.

He now thought much of the lesson I had given him: he was resolved not to come home till he had terminated the adventure; he became pressing. After the warmest protestations of his love and his respect; after having exhausted all the common-place expressions of love and gallantry, he at length asked her, in the most imploring terms, to let him see that face which an envious mask hid from his view. "Do not ask it," replied she, with much emotion, "the discovery will neither be for your happiness nor for mine." "I ask it of you, on my knees; I know all I have to expect of all that is bewitching and seductive." So saying, he drew her into a private box; she suffered herself to be led by him; he renewed his request, he supplicated, he even shed tears. "You desire it," said she, "and you must not reproach me for complying." "How could I, when you give me happiness? Ah! do not oppose my wishes any longer." "At least, you will only be angry at yourself."

The mask was taken off, and Derville beheld a member of the Institute, an old and particular friend of his father!

The gentleman was small of stature, and his feet and hands delicately formed. Young men who are prone to fall in love should guard against black *dominos* and little feet. The carnival is the season for every kind of mischievous trick, which is practised with impunity; the masked ball at the Opera House is the land of falsehood and illusion; but, alas! it is succeeded by more serious treachery all the remainder of the year, than what we find carried on, during the season of Shrove-tide, on the stage. S.

RAMBLES ROUND TUNBRIDGE WELLS, &c.

(Continued from page 310. of our last volume.)

THE OAK OF PENSHURST.

"You inquire," said I to the interesting youth who had so modestly addressed me, "why this ancient and once-celebrated tree, now a mere hollow trunk, with a few lingering budding branches, is called the Bear Oak? and how we can reconcile so harsh a title with the legend told of its having been planted as a memorial of so gentle a birth, as that of the all-accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, the '*sweet Asphodel*' of Spenser, the '*paragon of gentlemen*,' of our own Dan Shakspeare?" "That was my question," returned the young man, with a smiling blush, "though I did not presume to put it in such poetical language, and I was not aware that I had at all expressed the thought which was indeed in my mind, of its being a very rough name for any monument of that most amiable of British heroes; he who inherited from father and mother '*The lover's myrtle with the poet's bays!*'"

I smiled, in my turn, at the quickness with which my young spark had caught fire in his language, at the first stroke of my careless flint on the noble Sidney's steel; and, while granting the apparent cogency of his objection, I nevertheless assured him that this very oak was sown in the ground on the day which gave birth to that favourite of the muses whom he so eulogised: but we must recollect that the gifted infant then ushered into the world, was to have presage of his becoming not only "*Cupid's liege*," and "*Apollo's herald*," but "*the plume of war with early laurels crowned!*" and hence the memorial of his birth, and prefigure of his destiny, at the moment of its rooting in the ground, received the appellation it now wears—the *Bear Oak*? "I would rather have called it the Lion, the King of the Forest!" ejaculated my companion. "Yes," replied I, "if we were seeking merely gallant emblems amongst those brave rivals of the wilderness. But call to mind, are there no other imports attached to the image of that rugged animal you so start at, besides his savage person ranging the desert? Have you any recollection of the history of Guy Earl of Warwick?" asked I. "Can any Englishman, man or boy, forget it!" was the ardent response. "Then," replied I, "what say you to his noted ensign of *the Bear* (or rather Boar) *with the ragged staff*? A certain noble wearer of that brave *cognizance*, planted the choice acorn whence sprung this noble tree! Now do you understand the import of its name?"

"I do," answered the youth; and standing a little backward,

with an apparently involuntary movement, raised his hat from his head, in reverence of the tree, in the manner a young soldier would have saluted his colours. "Then it was the gallant Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the maternal uncle of the infant hero, who bent down where you are now sitting?" cried he to me: "It was he who placed that little seedling in the earth! And what blessings, in dew-dropping tears, might then steal down that happy uncle's cheek! O! who might then be standing round here! the shadows of those famous ones falling where mine now darkens the ground! Raleigh! Cecil! Walsingham!"

I interrupted the muser's soliloquy. "True," rejoined I; "and when that seed became a twig, and then a sapling, can you not figure it to your mind's eye? and see the boy Sidney wheel his hoop by its side, careful not to break the tiny stem!—and now behold what a trunk is here! and yet it is decayed, and perishing to earth. But in its prime, erect, green, branchy, and abundant in luxuriant foliage, there the man Sidney sat, and meditated on life's glories—perhaps its vanities too! Yes, its very *mirage*, to the poet's ardent soul; its very *will-o'-the-wisp*, to youth's tender seeking heart. He there thought of *lady's love*:—Stella! Philoclea!—what bright visions were ye!" "They were indeed!" iterated my young companion, and, with folded arms, he looked from the tree up to the sky, as if he expected to see them floating on the fleecy clouds which tracked the blue ether. I sighed inwardly for the enthusiastic heart I saw before me, and, with a laugh, tried to scatter a little the deep sensibility of the romantic nature which beamed from every part of his fine countenance. "Come boy!" cried I, in another lover's quotation,

> "Come, and carve thy passion on the bark
> Of this famed tree, which stands the sacred mark
> Of noble Sidney's birth: when such benign,
> Such more than mortal-making stars, did shine,
> That since they cannot but for ever prove
> The monument, and pledge of happy love!"

His bright eye glowed, while he replied, and advanced towards me, "I am no lover," returned he, "but I can guess what Sidney felt when he sat under this tree, then umbrageous in sylvan youth, and wrote his Arcadia, imaging out the most beautiful country of Greece, even from this his native paradise! and, for the heroes of his tale, were they not the transcripts of his own noble soul, brave and loyal to every sacred affection of man. With what unblemished fires does he paint the fervors of love! Who that has read the passion of his Pyrocles for Philoclea, and denies that Sidney's heart was a seraphic shrine? Who does not

kindle at the flame, and long to have been the friend of such a man!"

"Granted," I replied; "yet she he loved, when he wrote that admirable tale of pure and constant love, was of a different mould from that bright idea. Then, indeed, he believed her pure as the passion with which he worshipped her; but he lived to be convinced she was otherwise: a discovery to an honourable and attached man, which bears in it stings worse than a thousand deaths!" "Yes," returned my pensive auditor; "and a poet might say, that, in sympathy with its anguished master, arose the premature blight of this noble tree itself; too emblematic of his own subsequent withering sadness, and seeming to foreshow his early fall!"

The youth certainly judged rightly of the abiding effect of that sense of disappointment, on the mind of the gallant Sidney; for, though he afterwards married, and from a sentiment of sincere affection, the virtuous and lovely daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, yet his heart's wound never healed, which the wanton treachery of his first love, the Lady Penelope Devereux, had inflicted on it. "Young man," said I to my auditor, "there is a tradition repeated to me by my grandfather, that it was from under this very tree the betrayed Sidney became sensible of his *lady-love's* treason to him." The youth looked with a listening earnestness; and I proceeded—

"One fine morning early, Sir Philip went out to take his usual bracing walk in the park, after an evening of extraordinary revel in the hall of his hospitable father. The house was then full of gay company, and amongst them was the peerless beauty, the Lady Penelope Devereux, the object of his fondest love. All there, excepting one only, believed that the young and most romantically enamoured knight was regarded by that '*fairest* of the fair' with a reciprocal predilection. Still, however, it seemed strange to his beloved and admiring sister, the Lady Pembroke, that one so amiable, and at the same time seemingly approved by the object of his tenderness, should be unable to prevail on the fond, yet coy, maiden to become his wife. When Sir Philip ventured to press his suit to this point, the lady constantly had some virgin timidity to plead for deferring the full consent of her lips to pronounce him her 'chosen from all other men!' and his noble nature, happy in the plighted vow she breathed to him in secret, with a sweet smiling promise, that it should soon be proclaimed by her formal public assent, that he should lead her to the altar—confident in her truth, and blessed in her bewitching society—for who so talented, so

graceful, so fascinating, as the beautiful sister of the brave Essex? His gallant friend, Sidney, scarcely wished for a surer bliss. Thus he ever mused on her charms and truth, dreaming to himself, that all his fancy had ever painted in fabled story, or his memory could recal of the realities of female excellence, were in her summed up; and thus, with a lover's raptures, he anticipated the coming hour when so rare 'a gem of purest ray serene' should become his own for ever!

"Thus strolling on, his foot stumbled over a broken bough which chanced to lie on the ground near the trunk of this oak. At the instant he heard a weak chirrup, and, looking down, saw a little half-fledged bird, which had evidently, by some accident, fallen from the tree above, out of its nest. In such a case the gentle nature of the future hero of Zutphen obeyed his immediate impulse—to replace the hapless little creature in its leafy home; and, mounting the oak, with the nestling in his hand, soon found its nest by the sort of wailing chirp which its callow brethren were making from the very centre of the bushy head of the tree. He had scarcely put it softly in, hoping that its feathered parent, when she returned with the gathered food for her young brood, would not trace that man's hand had been there, though on errand of kindness; and, as he was descending gently towards the nether boughs, his own motion was arrested by the sound of footsteps approaching the tree. With a feeling of the oddity of his situation, he stopped till the persons might pass on, for he perceived that one was a female form, wrapped in a large silk cloak and hood; the other, of the opposite sex, in a loose riding cloak, and broad-brimmed plumed hat. By the last appendage, the latter must be one of the noble guests of his father; but for the woman, as no lady was likely to walk abroad at so early an hour, (the sun being only two hours risen,) he feared she was some humble damsel of the household, too likely to be then wooed to her ruin. He therefore paused for a moment in the tree, determining, when they had passed, to descend and follow them; and, if he had guessed aright, to tax the betrayer with his shame, and to rescue the poor girl, he hoped, from a threatened destruction. But the pair stood under the tree, when they had reached it; the female clung to the arm of the man, which he moved impatiently, as if he wished to shake her off. 'I tell you,' exclaimed he, 'that I will not stay another hour! You drive me to madness with your over-acted part—if, indeed, it is acted; but those looks, those sighs, when he speaks to you—they are more than pretence; I say, they drive me mad! Fool, fool, that I have been! the court speaks true!' The voice that ut-

tered this, in a frenzy of passion, was that of the young Lord Rich, one whom Sidney knew to be an honourable man, though regarded by the ladies of the court as one of the most gallant of suitors. Sidney would, therefore, have immediately made some rustling in the branches above, to have given intimation to those below that they might be overheard, when his whole frame was petrified to cold marble by the instant reply of the woman, and the voice was that of Lady Penelope Devereux, his own heart's bride. 'Rich,' cried she, 'you are inhuman, and seek to be false yourself by accusing me thus! What proof of my fond, fond love would you have of me beyond that I have given? Have I not bestowed myself upon you without reserve? and all I asked when I wedded to you this little hand, which you then embraced on your knees, and now shake from you like a noisome thing, was, that you would abstain from letting living being know that I am yours, until that jealous queen, who loves you even to rivalry with Leicester, gives me the bridal jewels she promised me, when she herself appoints the day for my marriage. You know that she implied to you herself, when she last smiled on you so sweetly! and was I then thus furiously jealous?—that she was *glad so troublesome a beauty as Penelope Devereux was going to bestow herself on that mad-headed tennis-brawler, Philip Sidney;* and that she, her majesty, *would reward the little syren with a jewelled vest, to wear on the bridal morning!*—That morning, with Sidney, dearest Rich, you know I can never see, for I am yours—yours in person and heart! But, did I not dally with him, did I not smile on him, and even answer to his sighs, how could I keep up the deception on her majesty? And O! my husband, it is not for the diamond robings that I play this part alone; it is, I dread the wrath of Elizabeth when she finds that you are mine!' The lady's arms were then wound round the neck of her husband, and Sidney heard her weep, and saw the Lord Rich clasp her there. Sidney started with horror; that he had heard such deception—that he had been a listener to its shameless avowal! The leaves of the branches against which he leaned, then shook as if a whirlwind were amid the boughs, and the pair below, with an apprehensive shriek from the lady of—she knew not what, fled hastily away.

"It is said that the Lord Rich did not return to the house, but, after this sort of reconciliation with his coquettish bride, proceeded to his customary duties at court in London. The Lady Penelope did not appear at breakfast, but sipped her morning chocolate in her room, while taking a note which her waiting damsel had presented to her, as soon as she drew her lady's curtains that

morning about noon, and, she supposed, beheld the beautiful eyes of her mistress first open that day on its bright sun-light. The Lady Penelope broke the little seal: the superscription was in Sir Philip's hand; and, not doubting it was one of the many poetical little orisons with which his graceful muse and chivalric tenderness used to greet her rising hour, she hastily broke the seal to greet her senses with such sweet incense, when an opposite strain appalled them all: the note, or rather letter, ran thus:—

"'Accident this morning has made me master of the Lady Penelope *Rich's* secret, of her deception and its principles; and in that discovery I am again made master of myself. I shall not betray what I have learnt of your marriage with the Lord Rich, to man or woman; but while I take my final leave of one I once devotedly loved as the purest and most lovely of women, and whom I trusted with the whole confidence of a heart which believed, with a holy faith, in the unsullied truth of those once idolized lips, I will honestly speak my mind thus, to yourself, in my last farewell: and, as a friend, I warn the woman *I* can no longer esteem, that if she does not wish to prepare for herself a similar parting for ever from the honourable husband she has now chosen, she must abandon all her arts of beguilement, for whatever reason, be it ambition, or base lucre. She *must* (O! that such an imperative is to be used to *her*!) she must purify the soul, as well as the actions, of the woman who last night, in the dance, answered a fond whisper, by pressing to her wedded heart the hand of the lover she then deceived for the last time. Remember, a wife's person should be sacred to her husband, like a holy ark, or it is worthless.

"'O! Penelope—— But I will not reproach you with the purity of my passion—with the picture of the chaste thoughts of her I thought I adored! The spell is broken: *She is not!* and Lady Rich must ever be a stranger to Philip Sidney.'"

When I had repeated the contents of this letter, and added that tradition stated that Sir Philip quitted Penshurst the same morning that he wrote it, and did not return again until all the gay guests were gone, my attentive auditor even wiped a tear from his eye, while he exclaimed, "Alas! poor Sidney! yet it was a brave letter, worthy of him, and too worthy of the frail Florizel to whom it was addressed! let us, however, drop a veil over her subsequent history, where the names of the gallant and unfortunate Rich, and Mountjoy, too truly verified the betrayed Sidney's prediction. Let us, rather, enter the house, and lose these memories of female frailties in the memorials of true excellence we shall find there!"—I turned to comply. J. P.

UNDER THE ROSE.

"HEY, Rosa," exclaimed Emily Warton, as with a light heart, and a still lighter step, she bounded into the apartment wherein her fair sister was seated, pensively gazing upon an elegant Album, which lay open before her on a small rose-wood work-table,—"Hey, Rosa, why you look as melancholy this morning, as if some dreadful accident had befallen the family; or, as if, like Juliet the second, you had been leaning against the cold balcony all night, listening to the love-lorn serenades of some hapless Romeo, and bitterly chiding your unfortunate stars for having conspired with your godfather in making you a Capulet! Ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, I cannot help laughing, you look so miserably woe-begone."

"And you, Emily," replied the pensive Rosa, "seem so full of merriment, that I tremble for the reputation of our vestal choir to-night, and I would really advise you to exchange characters with Helen, and become Terpsichore; for which, believe me, that laughing face of yours is much better adapted than for a priestess of Cybele."

"Do you *really* think so?" archly inquired the smiling fair,—"and pray, would you have any great objection to bear me company as Melpomene; for, as I'm your sister! that fine tragic look of yours would appear to the best advantage shrouded in black; especially as you would have to exhibit the deadly chalice in one hand, and a reeking dagger in the other. Moreover, *between* us, we might perhaps be able to persuade 'a certain young gentleman lately returned from his travels,' to act the part of Garrick; for 'twould be a pity, you know, to spoil so fine a picture for want of the remaining character. Shall I step and request his attendance here presently,—hey?"

"As you please, Emily, only don't tease me with your arrangements, or introduce any young gentleman into my presence this morning."

"'*My* arrangements!' nay, surely this proposal for making muses of us all, originated with yourself.—But come, let us to the Promenade, and settle the matter there to the tune of 'Blue Bonnets,' or that eternal 'Montpellier Rondo!'"

"I do not intend to go out at all to-day, not I," replied Rosa, "so you must e'en promenade alone, unless Helen or papa will consent to become your chaperon."

"Not go out at all!" said the wonder-struck Emily; "why what, in good-fortune's name, can keep you moping here at home? Surely there must be something very engaging in that Album of

yours!—Pray let me see.—So, a very pretty picture truly, well drawn, and well coloured, upon finely embossed paper, and—the leaf loose! Why how comes this?—Well, there, you may take your book again if you like. So, so, and here's no doubt some witty madrigal; which, since we are one of the Nine, we are, of course, duly entitled to peruse.—*(Reads.)*

A ROSE.

Doom'd to pass my days, love,
Here in care and pain;
Must I never gaze, love,
On your charms again?
Must I never more, love,
Cherish thoughts of thee?—
Dream of joys in store, love,
Pleasures yet to be?

What though now you roam, love,
'Neath unclouded skies,
Careless of "sweet home," love,
With its thousand ties:
From this faithful heart, love,
Though forgotten, ne'er,
Shall your form depart, love,
Deep engraven there.

Hills may intervene, love,
Each with Alpine brow,
Ocean roll between, love,
With unceasing flow;
Hills are not so high, love,
Not so broad the sea,—
But that thought will fly, love,
Over both to thee.

"So, then, this clears the mystery a little,—quite Album-atic, upon my word! Though our new Petrarch has evidently made a mistake in addressing his strain to 'a Rose,' for which I suppose we must read 'Rosa;' or perhaps he intended nothing more than that his wooing should be carried on—*under the rose!*"

"Sister," said the half-offended Rosa, "I consider you extremely rude, thus to take and read my papers, in opposition to my request; and I shall therefore be very glad if you would leave me to amuse myself alone."

"Very pretty amusement indeed, for a young lady already betrothed to a near relation."

"Me betrothed! Emily, how *can you* say so? But since you know this to be the case, may I take the liberty of inquiring to whom?"

"Oh certainly," replied the junior nymph, assuming an air of feigned importance; "I presume a certain young gentleman, who calls himself Cousin, and writes his name, Charles H. Gerard,

'expects shortly to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished Miss Warton,—daughter of Sir Robert Warton, baronet, of Warton-Hall, Somerset;'—which announcement is, as nearly as I can recollect, according to the most orthodox phraseology of the Morning Post!"

"Well, this is news indeed," said Rosa, smiling at last, "seeing that the said Charles H. Gerard hath, neither by word or look, hitherto given the said Miss Warton any reason whatever for supposing he ever intended making her any proposals. But pray now finish the tale, and tell me where you got this information from?"

"That I will do most willingly, when you have told me who wrote you that doleful sonnet; you may rely upon my still keeping it—*under the rose!*"

"Oh, doubtless; but I am not at liberty to give up all the names of my Album contributors."

"Neither am I to give up my authority," rejoined Emily, "*mais nous verrons*—There, that's Charles's knock! He is no doubt calling to enquire why we were not on the Promenade this morning, and will, I dare say, be duly ushered by papa into your tragic presence."

"Fate forbid!" said Rosa Warton—"hasten you, Emily, and receive him—I cannot be seen to day—Say I am busy in preparing for the fancy ball."

"And for aught I know to the contrary, this may be the truth; though I strongly suspect there's more *under the rose* than hath met my eye."

"What an inquisitive girl that sister of mine is!" said our heroine, as the giddy but good-natured Emily skipped out of the room to execute the commission just imposed upon her,—"and what an unfortunate thing, that these verses of poor Faulkner's should have fallen in her way at this juncture, when that spendthrift cousin of ours is laying siege to my little fortune, and when my father has been so bought over to his interest, that I feel convinced he will be deaf to any *reasoning* of mine against our union.—I scarcely know what step to take."

* * * * *

When evening arrived, and the party for the fancy ball had assembled in the drawing-room, Emily Warton surprised her friends by appearing before them dressed as the daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne; and never did the goddess Terpsichore find a fitter representative, or one who struck the chords of her lute with a lighter hand:—

"You see," said she, addressing Rosa, who was arrayed as a

priestess of Cybele,—" I have followed your advice, and have metamorphosed myself into a muse ; though I perceive you have not followed mine, by exchanging your vestalship for the pall of Melpomene. However, 'tis of no great consequence, since we both still belong to Grecian mythology. But pray what's the time ?—Are we not very late ?"

" Not very," replied Charles Gerard, who was seated hard by, " though not a whit too soon, if we mean to dance at all to-night."

Sir Robert now entered, with information that the carriage was waiting ; information which was gladly attended to by all, and by none more so than by the goddess of music and dancing, and the fair priestess of Cybele—though for widely different reasons.

Without tarrying at all by the way, we will transport them at once to the ball room, where the fairest of the fair, and the gayest of the gay, in well-timed movement, " danced their many-twinkling feet." The lively looks, and still more lively character of Emily, soon procured for her a partner ; while Rosa seemed, by her manner, rather anxious to remain a mere spectator. This, however, might not be ; and in obedience to her sire's command she was fain to accept of her cousin for the quadrille then forming ; at the close of which, her hand was solicited by a gentleman dressed like a bold outlaw of Sherewood Forest ; in whose company she strolled into the promenade room, and there apppeared to forget alike the music, and the master of the ceremonies ! Another quadrille had been danced ; but, intent upon the conversation of the gallant forester, Rosa Warton heeded not the influx of guests into the front saloon, until the goddess Terpsichore stole beside her, and, waking her lute to a melancholy strain, accompanied it with her own sweet voice, singing,

" Hills are not so high, love,
Not so broad the sea—
But that thought will fly, love,
Over both to thee!"

" Emily!" exclaimed the vestal, starting as from a reverie—" where are papa and your cousin Charles ?"

" Papa," replied the muse of song, smiling archly, " is in the card-room ; and as to Charles, I left him fighting his way to the tea-table, where I think we should likewise do well to proceed—unless indeed this gentleman in the green jerkin hath any thing to say—*under the rose*."

" Pardon me, Miss Warton," said the person alluded to, " for having detained your sister here when she should have joined in the quadrille."

"Oh, doubtless," replied Emily, "my sister thought it not becoming in a vestal to be seen quadrilling all night; and perchance she has been greatly amused with your tales of Robin Hood; for she is somewhat romantic at times."

For the remainder of the evening, Rosa and her light-hearted sister were engaged alternately with their cousin Charles and the gallant forester, alias Mr. George Faulkner, who, having danced his last quadrille with the lively Terpsichore, was by her introduced to Sir Robert Warton, when, his rubber of whist being ended, the worthy baronet again made his appearance in the ball room.

Next morning Mr. Faulkner, as in duty bound, called to enquire respecting the health of the Misses Warton, and after some time spent in discussing the weather question, the last evening's ball, and "eternal Catholics and corn," with sundry other matters of infinite importance to all country gentlemen, he sat down to a game of chess, but was presently check-mated by Sir Robert, who was, in truth, a scientific player. Having thus broken through the ice of ceremony, his visits became frequent, and ere long he ventured to solicit in marriage the hand of Miss Warton; nor were his overtures, though he had every reason to expect they would have been, entirely rejected.

* * * * *

Three weeks had elapsed, and matrimonial arrangements were advancing fast to completion. Every room in the house, from the garret to the kitchen, bore evidence of approaching nuptials; and a very short time would now terminate the anxiety of all parties. —The bridal eve hath indeed already arrived, and Miss Warton is again sitting in her own little apartment, pensive as when first introduced to the notice of our readers, and before her lies a letter but newly sealed, for lo! the taper is still burning beside it.

"Why, Rosa," said Sir Robert, who now entered unobserved, "you look as lamentable as though your lover had left you to run away with some pennyless girl to Gretna Green!—but I warrant you he's not such a fool; and no doubt he will be able to show sufficient cause for his tarrying a little beyond his time.—Why, what's all this about?—a letter to G. J. Faulkner, Esq.!—Marry, very pretty goings on indeed, miss! And pray what have you to write to G. J. Faulkner about?"

"That seems a strange question, sir," replied Rosa, "for my father to ask, on the eve of my marriage with that gentleman!"

"Your marriage with that gentleman, indeed! What, then you purpose becoming the wife of two husbands, hey? I wonder what your cousin will say to such an arrangement—ha! ha! ha!"

"And pray, sir, may I be permitted to enquire what my cousin has to do in the matter; for I presume I am accountable for my conduct to him alone whom you have approved of for my husband, namely, Mr. George Faulkner?"

"How! I approved of Mr. Faulkner for *your* husband!" said Sir Robert, in a tone of mingled anger and surprise—"Why, girl, you must be mad to have dreamt such a thing, when Mr. Faulkner was paying court to Emily, by whom he was first introduced to me!"

"I never had the least reason, sir," meekly answered Miss Warton, "to suppose he ever paid court to my sister; and unless you are really joking with me, there must be some strange mistake in the matter."

"Joking! mistake!—why, girl, do you suppose I am as mad as yourself? I tell you Charles Gerard is to be your husband, and no one else. But I'll soon set this business to rights:—where's Emily?—joking indeed!"

So saying, Sir Robert abruptly made his exit, leaving his daughter not less perplexed than her father.—But why protract our tale? The conclusion, no doubt, has already been anticipated by the reader. Rosa was determined;—her sister disavowed all intention to deceive; and as Sir Robert desired only the happiness of his child, he consented, after a short time, to the union of Rosa and Mr. Faulkner.

TO BERTRAND ——.

Hast thou forgot me?—no,
The soul's all-holy glow
  In death may set;
But whether anguish lower,
Or hate upon me pour
Its pleasures, as a dower,—
  Thou lov'st me yet.

Hope may indeed come gray,
And joys may drop away
  From fancy's tree;
But, 'midst the dross of pain,
Still, still thou must remain
In the heart's depths, a vein
  Of memory.

And where in thy life's leaves
Canst thou read aught but weaves
  Mine with thy name?
Like twin-stars of twilight,
Gladdening each other's sight,
We shared, in wild delight,
  Our mutual flame.

Hast thou forgot me?—no,
Come blessedness or woe,
One voice of yore,
One deep, rich youth-dream, fraught
With tones from past deeds caught,
Upon thy secret thought
Its wealth would pour.
But when vacations came,
What soft words did we name—
When eyes were wet!
Placed in life's threshold, when
We scanned the deeds of men,
What promise pledged we then?—
Not to forget!

Have I forgot *thee*?—no;—
This world I might forego,
But never thee;
Planted 'mid flowing springs
Of thought, thy memory clings
Around this bosom's strings,
Still verdantly. S.

A LEGEND.

Cold, cold, as the stone of her father's tomb,
Is the heart of his only child—
The orphan has met her early doom
On the drear and desert wild.
For his monarch her father gave his blood,
And this is that monarch's gratitude!

A wanderer, far from his native home,
By faction's impious hand,
The prince was driven, neglected to roam
Alone in a foreign land.
In the realm where his fathers had filled the throne,
Not the meanest hut could he call his own!

The father, then, of this heart-broken maid
Revered the insulted laws,
Drew forth, undaunted, the patriot blade
In his own and his country's cause:
Yet though his sovereign's safety he wrought,
With his heart's best blood was that purchase bought.

On the spot where triumphed and died the brave,
His country reared a tomb
Of marble, meet for the warrior's grave
Who met such glorious doom.
'Mid courtly dames was the daughter placed:
Well her beauty that noble circle graced!

With passion warm, but lawless and wild,
The monarch loved the maid—
Say, did he wed his protector's child?—
Ah, no! the fiend betrayed.
Cold, cold bleak winds, tell the stranger the rest,
For ye've blackened the orphan's throbless breast!

Charles M.

THE POET.

When we gaze with delight upon the glistening eye of tender pity, or behold the bright halo of peace which benevolence sheds around, we are apt, in our feelings of admiration for the deed, to exalt the generous benefactor and sympathetic friend to something beyond the region of frail mortality. But, were we to unravel the secrets of the heart which prompts the deed of kindness, we might trace the benevolence we so warmly commend to some sinister motive, to a love for the empty commendations of the world, or to a secret impulse which charity claims not as its genuine offspring.

Mr. Middleton was called a philanthropist, and perhaps few were better deserving the praises and blessings which ever followed his name. The fairy visions of happiness dawned full on his youth, fortune courted him with her smiles, and love crowned the lustre of his early manhood with all its fond ecstatic hopes and joys. Ellen Sinclair, the object of his affections, was beautiful; but, alas! nature, in granting her every personal perfection, had given no more. She was vain and volatile—she plighted to him her vows of love, but, weak in constancy, she listened to the adulatory praises of another; and the faithless Ellen, without even preparing her lover for the unexpected blow which his fairest hopes were fated to undergo, fled with an officer of neither rank, family, nor fortune, to Scotland. A few short years dispersed her wild dream of love: her husband finding she was allowed to spend her life with him, poor and unnoticed by her unforgiving friends, too soon embittered her days by his tyranny, so that his death was rather a cause of joy than lamentation to the imprudent Ellen. She sought the home of her youth with an infant daughter to claim the protection of her parents; but they no longer lived—her folly had broken the heart of her idolizing mother—and her incensed father had upon his death-bed bequeathed his property to a distant relative, with only a small stipend for his disobedient child, just, and only just sufficient to support her in comfort.

Without any fortitude or mental resource, it cannot be wondered that Ellen should sink under this last blow. She rapidly declined; but, ere the unhappy victim of imprudence expired, she was visited by Middleton. Years had not effaced her image from his memory, he still thought of her with all the love of his youth, he reproached her not—he said not a word of his misery; but in his haggard eye, his pale cheek, and altered form, she read the mental sufferings which he had undergone. He soothed her last mo-

ments by his kindness, promised protection to her child, and to bring it up as his own, conditionally that she took the name of Middleton: his request was readily acceded to, and from that time the little orphan owed every thing to the kindness of her protector.

When the last sad tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the mother, Middleton felt such a sad blank fall upon his heart, that had it not been for the remembrance of the poor child's isolated condition, he would have given himself up a prey to grief, and sunk under the weight of sorrow which now burst upon him with accumulated force. He was a clergyman: his just sense of the duty which he owed to his parishioners recalled him in some measure to himself; he returned to the vicarage of C——, the little Ellen his companion; but his spirits never acquired their former buoyancy: he shunned society, and sought, by active benevolence to the poor and distressed, to obtain for himself that peace which was so sadly blighted.

Ellen, as she grew up, became daily more like her unhappy mother; her beauty made her the theme of village gossip, whilst Mr. Middleton took such pains in the cultivation of her mind, that she was beloved by all who knew her. Innocent, affectionate, and displaying uncommon abilities and quickness of intellect, her education, so far from being a toil, formed one of her patron's highest delights, and he soon found that his love for the mother was lavished upon the child. He doated upon his little protegée, but it was with the affection of an idolizing parent; scarcely could he bear her from his sight; and therefore it was indeed a most severe trial when, at the age of fourteen, he judged it advisable to part from her for a few years, that he might place her in some seminary where her education would be properly finished, and where she might enjoy the instructions of an accomplished female. The lady under whose care he decided placing his ward, was indeed formed for the instructress of youth. Her accomplishments were as great as her moral character was unblemished; she was strictly amiable, and, what Mr. Middleton thought still more of, she was serious, and took great pains to instil the same impressions in the minds of her pupils. Under her tuition Ellen could not fail of deriving very great advantages; and when at length she returned to the care of Mr. Middleton, he beheld her with astonishment, for the timid girl was metamorphosed into the beautiful but unaffected young woman; and as he traced the loveliness of the mother in her countenance, he rejoiced at the superiority of her mind and understanding.

Ellen had derived great advantages in her long absence from her too-indulgent friend; but although she was still unsophisticated by the deceits and pleasures of the world, having been completely retired from all gaiety, she had yet been amongst numbers of her own sex: she had learned that she was beautiful, but she was not vain; she had listened to many a heart-rending tale of love, and her young heart had imbibed a tincture of romance which made her sometimes think with dread of the lonely vicarage; and, although she dearly loved him, she would sigh too, as she thought of her melancholy friend. The bosom of youth glows with emotions so warm and fervid, that it is scarcely possible it should accord with the depression of grief, or find equal pleasure in the society of the grave, as when with those whose youth and congenial buoyancy of feelings render them more companionable for the happy age of joyous hilarity; and Ellen's fine eyes beamed with unusual brilliancy, when, after receiving Mr. Middleton's warm embrace, he introduced to her Charles Sidney, his favourite nephew, a young man of the most prepossessing appearance, who sometimes had, in earlier days, shared and enlivened her sports. He had just entered the church, and his uncle, fatigued with the exertions which he had made in the discharge of his duty as a minister, and perhaps partly influenced by motives of kindness, had taken his nephew to his house to officiate for him.

This addition to the vicarage circle was a most pleasing one to Ellen, for often had she, when gaily conversing with her lively school companions, thought of her solitary home, and sighed, as the grave habitation of her future years, with its long dark groves, flitted before her imagination: and the tear of regret had often trembled in her eye at the gloomy remembrance, and at the painful thought that the friends she had acquired at school and had learned to love, must so soon be surrendered for the society of a gloomy, though amiable, recluse.

Charles Sidney was not handsome, but his appearance was pleasing; he was about six-and-twenty, not very tall, nor were his features good; yet the animation of his countenance when he spoke, for in general it had a thoughtful cast, was so irresistibly attractive, and his manners so prepossessing, that Charles was generally called handsome: his eyes were remarkably expressive, at once betraying the feelings which agitated him, and when the theme of conversation was the goodness of another, or of the promotion of virtue, they were illumined with a brilliancy which told how deeply the heart was interested; and Ellen, as she saw

him fix his eyes earnestly upon her, thought she should be very happy at C——. And she was so! The soft clear carmine of her cheeks, the brilliant white of her complexion, the dimpling smile of her countenance, and the laughing lustre of her fine azure eyes, fringed with their long silken lashes, told of the happiness and health which she enjoyed; and Sidney would often, when busied alone in his study, find his meditations disturbed by the beautiful image of the lovely girl, and he would cast aside in disgust his favourite works to gaze upon her perfect features and listen to the arch innocence of her lively wit. He would join in her rambles, assist in her drawings, point out her studies, and read as she worked; and then when she chanced to commit an error, so kindly would he tell her of her faults, so sweetly talk to her upon religion, that Ellen could not avoid loving Charles as her kindest friend, next to her amiable benefactor. With delight would she gaze upon his animated countenance, when from the sacred pulpit he delivered his eloquent and convincing addresses to a congregation attached to his family from the benevolence by which it had been so uniformly distinguished. Joyfully would she accompany him to the abodes of misery and sorrow, assist in alleviating the distresses of the poor, comforting the wretched, advising and consoling the sick.

Whilst Mr. Middleton beheld the happiness of his children with emotions the most pleasing, yet at times so tinctured with melancholy that he would leave them to conceal the tears which would sometimes painfully obtrude, as he thought of the beauty of the being who had embittered his days by the levity of a faithless heart, and by her cruel and unfeeling dereliction of him, yet the child of his Ellen would be happy, and blest with the tenderest affections of one every way deserving of her love; and he smiled with joy as he thought of the calm which would hover o'er the close of his life, when viewing the happiness of which he would have been the author.

In a village so remote from the tumults of the world, its whole society comprising a few families, the anticipated arrival of a stranger could not fail being a topic of the greatest interest. And when it was understood that Edward Fortescue was both young and handsome, and heir to a large estate, expectation was raised to anxiety, and the village gossips, when sipping the social cup of tea, or chatting over the suds of the wash-tub, exaggerated his fortune, birth, and personal advantages, until, from the blazing accounts which were given, it might reasonably have been conjectured that the expected visitant at C—— was some-

thing decidedly superior to the generality of mortals. Whilst the more distinguished personages of the village showed little less anxiety, the apothecary and his two flaunting daughters, the venerable widow of a once opulent merchant, the gay family of a wealthy trader who had retired from the fatigues of business to spend the well-earned produce of industry in country grandeur, with the peaceful family at the vicarage, betrayed great interest and curiosity about the stranger. His shooting box, a pretty and romantic cottage, was fitted up with the greatest taste and elegance, and young Fortescue had received permission from the lord of the manor to shoot over his domains whilst he remained at C——; for it was soon ascertained that it was his intention to reside there a few months, to inhale its salubrious air, for the benefit of his health.

Ellen was equally interested with her neighbours in the affairs of the gay young stranger, and listened with glee to the exaggerated praises of Martha the old housekeeper, who usually retailed to her favourite the news of the village. "And they say he is such a fine gentleman," said she, "never the like was seen of him before; as rich as a Jew, and as generous as a prince. I'd wager my best gown that he'll take a liking to my young missis; and folks say you would make the most beautifullest couple in the world. Well-a-day! there is no knowing what is to be! as to be sure and certain, it would be a fine and precious sight to see my own pretty darling riding in her own coach and six, and waited on by a heap of fine men in grand liveries. But then, to be sure, there's poor Master Charles, and it may be it would break his kind heart." And Ellen coloured and smiled, and gaily joined Sidney to tell him all she had heard.

"I expect he is quite an Adonis," she laughingly said; and then, as she perceived the melancholy which suddenly passed over the countenance of her friend, she more gravely continued, "but then, dearest Sidney, as you have often told me, of what worth are all these personal advantages, if his soul be not in harmony with the attractions he so eminently possesses! I dare say he is very vain and frivolous, and then I am sure neither you nor I shall esteem him—his generosity and grandeur may impose upon the hearts of the poor, but not upon ours."

Sidney caught her hand, and pressed it to his lips with a fervor so unusual that it called a deep blush into Ellen's face.

A few days passed, and the village was in commotion. Mr. Fortescue, with a party of friends, had arrived at C——. Sunday came, and Ellen perhaps glanced with a look of conscious loveli-

ness in her mirror as she dressed for church, and thought of the stranger; but in search of him her eyes vainly wandered: he was not there. The hour was too early for a party of fashionables after a night of gay carousing. The following morning a handsome tandem and curricle quitted the village with the gay visiters of the cottage, and Mr. Fortescue, left to solitude, was, as rumour said, soon quite settled in his new home.

"And they say, miss," said Martha, swelling with important news, "that it is rare and seldom that he is seen without a book in his hand, and he will sit reading hour after hour; whilst his valet himself was heard to say that his master was quite a bookworm, and, more than all, that he made books himself, he thought, for he wrote such fine poetry as nothing could be like."

Ellen, notwithstanding the indignation she expressed when her friends laughed at the curiosity she evinced in every thing which concerned Mr. Fortescue, could not help thinking of him very often, and wish to see him, whilst she exhausted her imagination with her numberless conjectures. At length she beheld him at church, and, as he carelessly walked into his pew, and glanced round with a look of cold indifference, she could not help thinking that although his manner did not become the house of prayer, yet still his figure was more elegant, and he, in fine, was far, far handsomer than any one she had ever beheld. He stooped, and placed his hat before his face for a moment; and so short a moment, that she thought it must have been for the sake of form alone, and not to pray. All eyes were fixed upon him, and he appeared conscious of the general gaze, although perfectly indifferent. His eye glanced from the dashing daughters of the apothecary to the gay Misses Herbert: one of them was considered pretty, and he stared her quite out of countenance, and once or twice during service elevated towards her his glass; having, however, the modesty partially to conceal it between his thumb and finger, as he lowered his head to the margin of his pew, to escape general observation.

Mr. Middleton's seat was partly concealed by a pillar, and therefore he did not at first perceive who occupied it; but when, by chance, he glanced around, and caught the full soft eye of the beautiful Ellen fixed intently upon him, he started, with very evident surprise: his handsome countenance beamed at once with enthusiasm, and his whole attention, during the rest of the service, was so completely riveted upon Ellen, that the admiration which his speaking eyes expressed could not escape observation.

Mr. Middleton appeared disturbed and angry, whilst Ellen was embarrassed, and could not—she knew not why, but she could not—listen to the sermon of Sidney as she was wont to do, although it was beautiful in its simplicity and gospel truth. But once, and only once, the voice of the preacher faltered, as his eyes wandered to his new auditor, and marked the fixed ardency of his gaze upon the blushing and conscious Ellen. It was but for a moment; he paused, spoke in a voice of tremulous feeling, and paused again; he cleared his voice; the struggle was short, but decisive; and though he raised not again his eyes, yet he spoke firmly.

The service of the day was concluded, and Ellen, with her benefactor and friend, returned to the vicarage, followed by the admiring gaze of Fortescue. Mr. Middleton censured his behaviour at church as irreverent, but made no particular animadversions upon his evident admiration of his ward. Sidney was silent; and Ellen, although she was quite sure that Mr. Fortescue had not disappointed her sanguine imagination, yet she, too, was silent, and contented herself with merely saying he was very handsome; and Sidney, as she said so, looked at her in a manner so melancholy as if he were foreboding misery for himself.

Day after day passed, and Fortescue haunted the vicarage; with his gun in his hand, he would wander by the side of the grove, and alarm Ellen in her solitary walks. Once he accosted her; she slightly moved, and half indignant, but not quite angry, she returned home, but forbore to mention the circumstance. If she walked in the village, Fortescue followed her; if she visited the sick, he caught the infection; and already was he named as the benefactor of the poor. Still were Mr. Middleton and his nephew silent, but they appeared deeply vexed, and studiously shunned Fortescue's very evident wish of an introduction. Sidney grew thoughtful, and at times so melancholy, that earnest exertion in the duties of his sacred office could alone recal him to himself. He studied with renewed diligence, but Ellen had grown weary of his books, and seldom joined him. If she did, her inattention was so obvious, that Sidney would sigh deeply as he closed the volume which he had been reading for her amusement, when he perhaps found that she even knew not the subject. If Mr. Middleton were ill, and bade her, when she returned from church, give him the heads of the sermon, he was vexed to see the blushes of Ellen, and hear her plead her ignorance. It was, indeed, too evident that her devotions were disturbed by the handsome stranger; and that even when his presence, and the fixed gaze of his

deep blue eyes, could not excuse her inattention, his image was not banished from the busy mazes of her active imagination.

Mr. Fortescue had introduced himself to all the families round, but his endeavours to establish a friendship with the circle at the vicarage had hitherto been unsuccessful. Upon his first arrival at C—— he had heard of the village beauty, but, from a mistake of his valet's, had followed the younger Miss Herbert in one of her lonely rambles, and being disappointed in her appearance, his curiosity to see more of her was quite annihilated. He perhaps then, when at church, merely looked earnestly at Miss Herbert, because he supposed she was the prettiest girl present, and the village beauty. But from the first moment he beheld Ellen, his surprise and his admiration fixed his gaze; and he was, or fancied himself, desperately in love.

Edward Fortescue was not cast in the common mould of other men; his form was elegant, and his manners easy and fashionable. His large eyes, which were of the darkest blue, were formed for the expression of the tenderest feelings: they were at one time soft and melancholy; at another, bright, dancing with sanguine hope and buoyancy. His mildly arched brows, with the light brown of his hair, which partially shaded his high and polished forehead, and the perfect symmetry of his features, made him, as he was termed in the fashionable world, "quite irresistible." But Edward Fortescue had not a heart for the gay belles of the beau-monde: he was the child of romance, and he had pictured to himself some beautiful woodland nymph, lovely in her innocence and simplicity. Ellen Middleton's appearance more than realized his romantic visions; and already had his sanguine imagination formed for itself hopes and dreams of fairy hue, serene and unclouded as the beauty of the lovely Ellen was bright and dazzling. An introduction, however, was not so easily obtained. Mr. Middleton and Sidney evidently avoided one; and Ellen was too timid and retiring for him to hazard a second time the possibility of offending. After many ineffectual attempts, and many disappointments, he obtained the gratification of his earnest wish. Ellen and Fortescue met at the venerable widow's. How often may we remark, and view with surprise, the celerity with which congenial minds form an acquaintance, and, as they display reciprocal tastes and feelings, extend the warm hand of friendship, ere common, and it may be more rational, minds, would have broken the chill ice of formality.

Mr. Fortescue drew Ellen into conversation, and soon found that her beauty was richly enhanced by the loveliness of her un-

derstanding and the innocent ardency of her feelings, which, quick and sensitive, found a delight almost uncontrollable in the perusal of works of fancy, when enriched with the brilliancy of genius. She had scarcely seen a novel, and her reading had been almost entirely guided by Mr. Middleton; therefore many of the fashionable writers of the day were known to her only by name, their works having been withheld from her perusal either from their immoral or baneful tendency. She spoke with the deepest interest of "The Lay of the last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake." Fortescue was pleased with her taste, but surprised when he found that the elegant and lofty pen of Lord Byron was not equally familiar. He repeated several beautiful passages, and Ellen was enchanted with their sublimity. He promised to send her the poems, but Ellen coloured as she declined them, and said that Mr. Middleton had prohibited her from reading them; and that although they might be very beautiful, yet, if he thought them in any degree improper, she did not wish for their perusal. Fortescue endeavoured to convince her of the fallacy of her guardian's judgment, and continued to recite to her in such a pleasing style, and his selections were so elegant, that Ellen was surprised when she found that she had exceeded far her usual hour, and that the evening was drawing fast to its close. Never had she been so happy before: she thought of Fortescue, she dreamt of him, and became listless and inanimate to all else.

The following morning her joyous dream of love was disturbed by the entrance of Martha, with a parcel for her young mistress. Hastily and anxiously was it opened, and she found it contained an elegant edition of Lord Byron's poems, with a note from Fortescue, begging her, as she had not the work, to favour him by accepting a copy from his library—trusting the perusal would afford her that high gratification which he had, and he flattered himself she would receive from them. Ellen paused. Her first thought was to show the books to Mr. Middleton, and to request his permission to read them, but she thought it might be denied; and then she folded them again in their envelope, with the determination of returning them, but as speedily re-opened the packet, and looked over the tempting pages. She would tell no one; she would keep them; she would feast over them in her hours of solitude. The most beautiful passages, she observed, were marked, and frequently a few words were written below, explanatory, or expressive of admiration. She started, as she perceived a few lines, in pencil, on a blank leaf of the Corsair. Eagerly

she defined their characters, and, with trembling and blushing earnestness, read—

"E'en would I wander o'er the pathless wave,
And in the foaming ocean view my grave,
Endure the all of obloquy and shame
Which rested on dark Conrad's dreaded name,
And dare to own a darker soul than his—
And age partake of griefs more deep than this,
If but one pitying tear for me were shown,
In eyes e'en brighter than Medora's own.
Oh! then I'd hope to change that lucid tear,
The pearl of pity, to a gem more dear;
For oft that softening feeling melts to rise
More beauteous still in love which never dies.
And could I wake that passion in thy heart,
Or half the fervid force of mine impart,
With joy I'd scorn the world and all its pride,
Nor envy Conrad of his lovely bride.
For all her softness and her witching grace,
And all the brightness in Gulnare we trace,
With sweet Zuleika's innocence and youth,
Her tender gentleness and beaming truth;
With *thee*, all this, and more than this were mine,
A world of bliss with love so fair as thine."

"And Fortescue has composed them," thought Ellen, as she deeply blushed, "composed them for my perusal—yes, he loves me; and," the words trembled on her tongue, "*I love him also.*" Again she glanced over the pencilled lines, and she paused as she read—

"Endure the all of obloquy and shame
Which rested on dark Conrad's dreaded name,
And *dare to own a darker soul than his.*"

What could Fortescue mean? Surely he had written thoughtlessly; for if Conrad were the gloomy character which he described him, how could any mortal dare to own a darker soul! What would Sidney say to this? That his language was impious and daring; and the truth of this struck more forcibly on her mind, when she found, as she read the Corsair, that even the lofty bard named him as "a *villain.*"

She saw Fortescue again and again, but each meeting found her courage and determination to reprove weaker; and whilst in secret she enjoyed her stolen feasts of poesy, her fine eyes sunk downwards in conscious shame when she encountered the steady look of Middleton, or the anxious, tender gaze of the altered Sidney. Often would he join her as he was wont to do, and sometimes venture to remind her of the duty which she owed to her Creator. Ellen would weep, and fly to her own apartment to conceal her

tears, and wish that Fortescue thought so too. "Injured Sidney!" she would exclaim, as she sometimes wept to observe the melancholy of his countenance, and the visible alteration which in so short a time had taken place in his appearance; "Oh! Sidney, dearest friend of my youth, I know, I see you love me; and, wretched girl that I am, I cannot return your affection; but Fortescue must be the means, then, of destroying your peace!" And then the contrast struck to her heart:—the one so good and feeling, so amiable, and strictly virtuous; the other, every thing that was bright and dazzling, and bereft, too probably, of those solid virtues of which she had been brought up in the veneration. But she would talk to Fortescue; she had heard that the arguments of an amiable female are often crowned with success; so the next time he joined her, as she passed through the village, she was easily prevailed upon to accompany him to a retired walk, that she might commence his purposed reformation. But Fortescue smiled at the energy of her manner, and declared he should be miserable if he for a moment imagined his humble muse had been the means of implanting in her bosom any feelings of anger against the writer. No, she was not angry, Ellen said; but she was hurt, deeply hurt, when she read those two lines, which painted religion and Heaven's just anger in so slight a manner, as if to say that sin would never meet with punishment.

"My dear Miss Middleton," said Fortescue, "you are too hard upon me; had I thought my lines were to be reviewed by the critic, not the kind friend I flattered myself I should find in you, I might have expressed them more carefully, that they might have better suited the taste of the pupil of two such gloomy beings as Mr. Middleton and our *very grave* and *pious* pastor. But Ellen, dearest Ellen, I meant but to express the ardency of a passion which I cannot, will not conceal from you; which would lead me to run every risk to obtain your affections. Yes, Ellen, I love you! love you with the enthusiasm of an ardent and devoted heart! Tell me not that my love is vain. Ellen, dearest Ellen, bid me hope—" and Fortescue fixed his dark expressive eyes full on the beautiful face of the blushing Ellen. She turned away her head; her heart throbbed violently; her cheek was alternately crimsoned with the blush of confusion, and blanched with the lily of deeper feeling. Her trembling tongue longed to follow the dictates of her heart, and own she loved; but Fortescue had offended her: he had spoken slightingly of her dearest friends; she summoned every energy of her mind, and, though her voice sometimes faltered, yet she spoke decidedly.

"Mr. Fortescue, you flatter; you compliment my vanity; but remember I am the adopted child of him whom you term the gloomy Mr. Middleton. When every friend deserted me, when I was left a solitary orphan in this wide and dreary world, too young to know my misery, the man you would teach me to laugh at took me to his home, and brought me up as his child; my gratitude should teach me to glory in obeying him, and I trust it will. I know it is Mr. Middleton's wish that I should be united to Sidney, his nephew, my amiable friend; and since I know it, I cannot listen to another."

"But Ellen, dearest Ellen," exclaimed Fortescue, with almost breathless energy, "you will never give your hand to one whom your heart does not own as dearer to you than all the world beside; and you do not, I hope, I am sure you do not—you cannot love this man."

"Not love him!" ejaculated Ellen, in a tone of the deepest feeling; "Oh, Sidney! dear Charles! miserable as I am sure you are, how much more so would you be if you thought that Ellen was capable of this ingratitude! I do love Charles Sidney—I love and revere him as the most amiable of men:" and, listening not to the passionate declamations of Fortescue, she turned suddenly from him. She started—the blood forsook her cheeks—she was transfixed to the spot—for she beheld Sidney at a little distance.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SCENES OF LIFE.

In the morning hour, when the new-born sun
  Gave light and warmth to the laughing earth,
And each rosy flower that it shone upon,
  —Distilling the balm that its sweets send forth—
In fragrance and blushes was blooming fair
'Neath the sunny breath of the summer air:

I've seen the rose-bud gently throw
  Its opening leaves to the wooing ray:
Blossom and perfume, it seemed as though
  Its beauties would never flutter away;
And smiling thus does our young life flow,
Careless, as if 'twould be always so.

I've seen the gale pass over that rose
  And wither its leaves to the weeping ground,
And as day rolled on to its evening close
  Not a bud of its morning promise was found:
And thus will the blossoms that hope puts forth
Be as quickly strewn on the mouldering earth.

By the holy hearth and the happy home
  I've seen the infant blithely play;
I've seen it droop, and borne to the tomb,
  I've seen it slumber with kindred clay;

And mourning and sorrow—I've seen them stray
Where gladness and joy were but yesterday.
I've known two beings that fondly hung
Clustering round each other's heart;
Regarding the future, as do the young,
Ere the strings of hope have sprung apart—
Deeming it all one dreamy scene
Of pleasure, such as hath never been.
I have seen them grow in loveliness up,
Like sister beauties side by side;
I have seen them, too, when they've drained the cup,
That was frothing o'er with affliction's tide;
And one was wandering wild and pale!—
In the hectic eye was the other's tale!
O'er the water's bed, in foam and spray
I've seen the heron wing its flight,
And fluttering off from the glorious day
I've seen the bird of the sunless night;
And thus there are who flame on high,
And others whose pleasures in darkness lie.
In mine hours of sleep, I have seen the plume
Of valour wave e'er the gory grass;
And then have I seen the mild bright bloom
Of beauty lose all the smiles it has:
And shadow and languor would flourish there,
Where all before was so sweetly fair.
I saw a star, in the noon of night,
Splendidly sparkle along the sky;
But ere it blazed through its path of light,
I saw his falling lustres die:
And thus, methought, my young life should be
Rapid and brief, bright star, as thee.
Yes! I must be, like that falling star,
An erring thing from my kindred race;
Yes! I must be as such planets are,
Flashing away from my birth-right place;
For with thee * * * would I gladly stray,
E'en wandering thus, over earth and sea! D. S L.

SONNET.

Bright sets the sun beneath the glowing west,
Sinking in glory as a warrior proud,
And night's pale vapours, rising in a cloud,
Bid nature from her "work perpetual" rest,
Veiling her wearied sons as with a shroud:
Yet, spell-bound, my rapt spirit lingers here,
With thoughts that spurn control, above my lowly sphere.
Yet, what were man, prohibited to trace
In nature's book the wonders of her power,
Which teach him, while he contemplates, to adore,
And commune with his Maker face to face?—
Still be *this* volume mine to ponder o'er,
Which while I read, my eyes new wonders still
Attract, more raptured thoughts, and deep, my bosom fill.

Charles M.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.—NO. II.

THE WOMEN OF ANTIQUITY.

THE condition of females in various ages and countries, when faithfully pourtrayed, cannot fail to prove instructive: the ladies —for whom I write—have an interest in the inquiry; and when my fair countrywomen compare their own happy lot with the treatment experienced by their sex in ancient times, and still in uncivilized countries, they will learn to place a proper value upon the diffusion of knowledge and the ameliorating influence of our divine religion. Science and literature ought to find in them—as they really do—the most zealous patrons; for in proportion as these are cultivated and prized, are the virtues and affections of woman properly estimated. In rude periods of society the sex are treated with contempt and tyranny: the savage regards them as an inferior species; with him love is a simple instinct, which he disdains to procure by any of those arts which are calculated to win affection and favour. In Asia, from time immemorial, woman has found nothing but a dreary prison: the spirit of despotism is as fatal to love as to virtue.

In ancient Greece, notwithstanding its boasted refinement, we find the condition of the sex but little ameliorated. Like the Asiatic fair, they were excluded from society: they were shut up in sequestered apartments, and when they left them to go abroad, an indulgence but rarely granted, their faces were covered by veils; while upon no occasion whatsoever were they permitted to appear at public entertainments. The wife who had many children, experienced, perhaps, a greater portion of liberty than that which fell to the share of the new-married woman, and the *virgin*; yet still they had just reason to complain of the bolts and bars placed in their chambers by the jealousy or tyranny of their lords. The possibility, however, of escaping from the hands of their oppressor was presented to them by a divorce; but that could not be effected without the consent of both parties.

There was a wide contrast in the condition of the Athenian and their neighbours, the Lacedæmonian, women. The laws of Lycurgus did not establish such a cruel distinction between the sexes, as existed in those of Solon; for they authorized women to quit that privacy which Pericles deemed so essential to the preservation of their character, and to frequent solemn festivals and sacrifices. In their fashions, too, we may espy the same difference as in their manners. The Lacedæmonian virgins went abroad with their faces uncovered, while the married women invariably appeared with their veils. This custom was defended on the very natural principle, of the former wishing to get husbands, and of the latter to keep those

which they already possessed. While the Spartans respected the statutes of their celebrated lawgiver, the sex were respected; but when innovations were permitted to take place, women were stigmatised with the coarsest epithets.

In surveying the condition of women in Athens, we are struck with the praises and favours lavished on the most abandoned of the sex, whilst married females were subjected to the most mortifying inferiority, and deemed worthy of performing only the meanest offices of domestic economy. The homage which should only be paid to virtue was exclusively bestowed upon the meretricious: they lived in a public manner; and the great and the learned did not hesitate to bow at their levees. One of these acquired such an ascendancy over superior minds, as to become an object of public consideration. Her name was Aspasia; and she was the mistress of Pericles, whose politics were in some measure regulated by her advice. She has been represented as excelling in person and mind; the grave and enlightened Socrates was mute and attentive whilst she spoke, and Plato hesitates not to pay her the remarkable compliment of saying, that her instructions contributed powerfully to form the greatest and most eloquent orators of her age. To such a degree did vice and pleasure then prevail in Athens, that husbands were base enough to bring their wives to profit by her conversation. Miss Lucy Aikin has stigmatised this moral degeneracy of the Athenians in some beautiful lines.

"Graced by the sword, the chisel, and the pen,
Athens! illustrious seat of far-famed men,
Receive my homage! Hark! what shouts arise
As Phryné gilds the pomp of sacrifice!
To beauty's queen the graceful dance they twine,
Trill the warm hymn, and dress the flowery shrine;
Priestess of love she fills the eager gaze,
And fires and shares the worship that she pays.
Haste, sculptor, haste! that form, that heavenly face,
Catch ere they fade, and fix the mortal grace.
Phryné in gold shall deck the sacred fane,
And Pallas' virgin image frown in vain.
Rise, bright Aspasia too! thy tainted name
Sails down secure through infamy to fame;
Statesmen and bards and heroes bend the knee,
Nor blushes Socrates to learn of thee.
Thy wives, proud Athens! fettered and debased,
Listlessly duteous, negatively chaste,
O vapid summary of a slavish lot!
They sew, and spin; they die, and are forgot.
Cease, headlong muse! resign the dangerous theme,
Perish the glory that defies esteem!
Inspire thy trump at virtue's call alone,
And blush to blazon whom she scorns to own."

The condition of the Roman was unquestionably not so grievous as that of the Grecian women: the former were not excluded, like the latter, from all social intercourse; nor could they complain of their behaviour being so attentively watched, or so severely scrutinized. Yet among the primitive Romans, the matrimonial contract was most unequal on the side of the woman, and can only be regarded in the degrading light of the union of a master with a slave. For the stern spirit of the laws gave *them* the right of life and death over their helpless partners; and in certain cases the husband, on consulting with his friends, might, if he pleased, carry the sentence into execution. Of the coldness and insensibility of the Romans towards their wives, or at least the grossness of their love, a remarkable proof may be cited in the following declaration, which Metellus Numidius made to the Roman people, that, if kind nature had enabled us to do without a wife, we should be delivered from a very troublesome companion: but, since she had so ordered it, that we could neither live with our wives happily enough, nor without them by any means, we must look to matrimony rather for our lasting security, than for a transient gratification.

Yet still, however, instances can be adduced to show, that the Romans, in the period under review, treated their wives with some degree of esteem and confidence. Ignorant of arts and pleasures, war and labour were then the chief amusements of a Roman; but after his dangers and toils, he disdained not to partake with his wife in all the cares of domestic life; and next in estimation to the glory of being honoured by the state for his valour, were the praises it drew from her lips. Nothing, indeed, seems to have been omitted that could inspire the women with a love of virtue and modesty, or dispose them to copy the grave and austere manners of their husbands. A perpetual tutelage, the censure of magistrates, the domestic tribunals, the laws to prevent their luxury, by the regulation of marriage portions, the sumptuary laws for their ornaments, the temples erected to chastity, the temples to the goddess who presided over the peace of marriages and the appeasement of husbands, and the honourable decrees for the services which women rendered to the state; all these circumstances evince the deep interest which the Romans manifested in their wives, and in the preservation of their morals.

The Roman women did not exhibit that ferocious courage upon which Plutarch has passed such high encomiums, in recording the acts of certain Grecian females. Their first virtue was chastity, and their point of honour decency. It is well known, that Cato,

the Censor, expelled a senator for having kissed his wife in the presence of his daughter. To these austere manners, the Roman women united an unbounded love for their country, which appeared on many striking occasions. Upon the death of Brutus, they clad themselves in deep mourning; and had *they* not supplicated, Rome itself would have been sacrificed to the stern vengeance of Coriolanus. The senate testified their gratitude by a public decree, which assigned to them the exclusive merit of saving their country. In the time of Brennus, their patriotism was also conspicuous, in giving all their gold for the ransom of the city; and after the fatal battle of Cannæ, when Rome had no other treasures left but the virtue of her citizens, they again consecrated their most precious ornaments to the service of the state.

Such examples of public virtue, on the part of the Roman women, doubtless contributed to raise them in the estimation of their husbands; but these facts are not sufficient to justify the hasty conclusions of some writers, that the marriage contract among the Romans must be considered in the light of an union of affection as well as of interest between equals, and that, therefore, all the blessings and comforts of domestic love were enjoyed by both parties.

An anecdote which, from its grossness, I cannot quote, may be adduced as an incontestible evidence of the unworthy treatment to which women, even of the highest rank and character, were exposed; and will warrant the assumption, that although the laws and public institutions affected to respect the sanctity of marriage, and to look upon women as the objects of rational esteem and attachment, yet the Romans are the last people among the nations of antiquity who can, with propriety, be said to exhibit a pleasing spectacle of delicacy and morality, in their conjugal passions and connexions.

About the end of the commonwealth, a remarkable change took place; a general manifestation of immorality prevailed; and Julius Cæsar meditated an oriental law, which was to give him a plurality of wives. We are assured by a grave historian, that men, under the Emperors, were induced to marry from the sole consideration of enriching themselves by the forfeiture of the wife's dower, when she committed an act which led to divorce; and Seneca declares, on the other hand, that females of exalted rank were accustomed to compute their years, not by the number of consuls, but of husbands which they had separated from. These enormous vices, which Juvenal has exposed with all the fire of his malignant genius, and occasionally arraigned with all the dignity of a true censor, seem

to have reached their meridian at the period that Septimius Severus obtained the undisputed possession of the empire; for we find the laws then more disposed to throw a veil over the crimes of Rome, such was their nature and number, than to punish them. That successful and despotic Emperor was obliged to renounce his project of reformation, in consequence of finding three thousand accusations of adultery inscribed on the public register.

The satirist, however, has been too indiscriminate in his censure; for, amidst this profligacy of manners, Rome was not without some splendid examples of conjugal virtue and devotion. Arria, the wife of Claudius, possessed a nobleness of soul which was shared by others. In handing down to execration the memory of Nero, Juvenal might have sung the praises of Paulina, the wife of Seneca, whose determination to share the same fate with her husband was only prevented by the cruel kindness of Nero; and who exhibited in her countenance an honourable paleness, which attested that part of her blood had flowed with that of her husband. A fit subject, also, for his independent muse, would have been the character of Agrippina, the wife of the celebrated Germanicus. Nor should he have overlooked the unmerited sufferings of the virtuous Eponina, whose disinterested affection has been immortalized in the writings of Pliny and Tacitus. These examples, however, are not sufficient to reconcile us to the too general prevalence of vice in Rome.

STANZAS.

Oh! see yon lovely radiant infant sleeping,
No care is yet on its unruffled brow:
It recks, it dreams not, life for it is weaving
A crown of bitterness, a wreath of woe.

Thy father ere he hailed his first-born babe,
Oh! distant far, for Albion's freedom bled;
Thy mother, crushed by sorrow, scarce essayed
To bless her darling, ere her spirit fled.

For thy dim prospects yet thou canst not sigh,
Nor hope's fond flattering dream yet cheers thy morn,
Thou know'st not yet thine orphancy, or why
Thou art so desolately sad and lorn.

Ere infancy recedes, and youth appears,
Thou wilt awake to thy forlorn condition:
No mother e'er will soothe thy infant fears,
No father e'er on thee bestow his blessing.

But there is yet for thee one guardian power,
One shield of mercy—all beside is riven;
When disappointments rage, and troubles lower,
Look there for refuge, bend thyself to Heaven.

AGNES.

VISION OF ST. PETER'S HILL.

I saw no dooming star above,
There is such happiness in love.—*L. E. L.*

Overhanging the romantic banks of the Meuse, and looking upon a champaign as well cultivated and as prettily studded with villages and steeples as eye need wish to gaze upon, is situated the wreck of a once powerful castle. The ruins are simple, and intrinsically possess little to arrest the attention; there is the crawling ivy for the bat to build his nest, and there is the mouldering aspect of decay, which preacheth to the wayfarer of the fragility of all that is human. Whatever man's hand doth erect must crumble into the dust from which it arose, and though long it may survive the architect who gave it existence, yet its final destiny must be equally perishable. In the exterior of this castle there is nothing more than serves to testify this moral unto the traveller: its site is even limited, and as it stands on an isolated eminence, with the deep river flowing gently at its base, it once might have been the impregnable strong-hold of some lawless bandit or puissant baron. It lies about two miles distant from the city of Maestricht, whose turrets and spires have an imposing effect when seen from this hill: it looks over a sweeping extent of rich and fertile land, and on an elevation, in the rear, appears an arsenal of artillery. The Meuse is a most picturesque stream: everywhere its banks seem formed to be the witnesses of love and peace; but in no place can it boast such a combination of graceful beauty as in the neighbourhood of Maestricht. Accordingly, the way from the city to the castle is uncommonly inviting: it lies along the waters, affording occasional glimpses of the country, in perspective, and leading the walker by neat cottages and through vine-sown gardens and bowery paths. Before gaining the castle, you arrive at a deserted chateau, looking more desolate even than the ruins which top it, but having the appearance of recent neglect. Attached to this place are several subterranean caverns, which are supposed to be objects of curiosity; and passing through a Gothic gateway, which opens into the garden that fronts the house, you may either diverge to the entrance of one of these caves, or following the beaten track you may pursue your devious route, until a fatiguing ascent shall have conducted you to the acclivity, which is named "St. Peter's Hill," and on which stand the ruins to which I have made allusion.

Often and often, when the sun was sinking upon the reflective waters, and the blue, clear, continental sky, had donned the ex-

quisite livery of evening, have I taken my solitary ramble by this placid river. The careless peasant girl would carol by, and the sound of music from the merry estaminet would greet the sluggish air, until, having cleared the ramparts, I gradually left the hum of people behind me; and, as I advanced, solitude gathered more perceptibly about me. As I approached the old chateau, all concourse of mankind would entirely disappear, and with the exception of a menial driving his lazy donkey, with panniers of water, from the river to a farm-house near the castle, there would be nothing to intrude upon the most contemplative mood. I was fond of this walk, from its loneliness and romance, and not unfrequently have I allowed hour after hour to steal onward, while I rested on the top of that silent hill, admiring the prospect that lay before me, and luxuriating in all the extravagancies that the wildest fancy could represent. I was a stranger in the land, and the halls of my fathers had not seen me beneath their roof since I had first launched upon the world. Many endearing recollections would pass before me, and many dark bodings arise to disturb, and yet I loved to linger over the pleasantness of the former, even at the hazard of being exposed to the sadness of the latter.

It was one of those delicious evenings in autumn, when the spirit is induced to forget that it is of earth, and banquetting on the abundance and the glories of nature, it will seek its repose in the contemplation of nature's God; and, with a light and adoring heart, I set out to pursue my usual walk. I stood gazing on the mighty firmament, as the scattered stars began to sparkle on its floor, and watching the treckschuyt dragging its slow length quietly along the waters, from Liege, until, either subdued by bodily indisposition, or yielding to some strong somniferous inclination, drowsiness took possession of me; I sat upon the green turf, and instantly resigned myself to sleep. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, when the god of dreams laying his wand upon my senses, compelled them into allegiance to his power. The days of chivalry presented themselves to mine eye: the tourney and the tilt bustled into ideal life; the baronial halls of knighthood blazed before me, and there were banners floating and lances glistening; and like a last votary before those shrines where the demon of persecution hath been, I looked doubtingly around, to discover if I were indeed breathing a real existence. It seemed that the castle by which I slept had been re-edified with all the circumstance of its pristine pomp about it: its "ruins hoar" laid aside their tattered garb for the splendid dress of ar-

chitectural strength and grandeur, and the chieftain awakened from the slumber of the grave to the activity of the revel—had exchanged the shroud for the cuirass, and the tomb for the palace! It was, in sooth, a glorious pageant that offered itself to my view; he princely halls rang to the sound of merriment, and no lack was there of ladies' eyes, nor of harpers' notes, nor of minstrels' song. But among the festal crowd, which were passing in continued succession along the tapestried apartments, wherein I found myself, was one towards whom I felt an irresistible impulse bearing me on. She was habited in a robe of simple elegance, without any of that glaring, gaudy, and dazzling ornament with which the others were decorated: a necklace of great value hung round her beautiful neck; a most bewitching ankle sometimes showed itself from beneath her flowing garment; but a graceful veil hung over her features, as if she were anxious to allow the imagination of the spectator to supply graces where she was unwilling to disclose them. She did not mingle with her sister beauties, nor, apparently, did she vouchsafe attention to the flattering whispers of a gallant knight, who, for a short time, did homage at her side. On first beholding her, my curiosity was powerfully excited, and still I was ignorant of any cause why it should be so. However, following at a distance in her train, wherever she moved, I at length succeeded in being allowed to look into that face which hitherto had been concealed. Never shall I forget the feelings of that moment, when, like Alethe in the Epicurean, she raised up her veil: a flood of overpowering loveliness burst upon my visions, with the same maddening energy as, on a similar occasion, it had done on those of the disciple of Epicurus.

> A brow, like twilight's darkening line,
> An eye, like morning's first sunshine,

lighting up the most seraphic symmetry and the most beaming perfection of feature that ever poet dreamed of or painter conceived, was more than I could gaze at, without kindling into warm and passionate idolatry. A new feeling seemed to glow within my heart, and in the intense worshipping of the moment I started to my feet and awoke—but not to escape from the influence of the ravishing illusion.

While I had been wandering through this fairy land, night had spread its gray mantle over the lonely castle, and although much I might have wished to linger round this haunted spot, prudential motives commanded me to retire towards the city. However the phantasies of my vision were not thus easily to be disposed of.

The phantom of beauty still hovered before the mind's eye: "it was my dream by night, my thought by day," and weeks and months elapsed before I could succeed in banishing it from my imagination. My visits to St. Peter's Hill were constant, but the scene of that evening was not to be repeated; and, eventually, its recollection was also obliterated.

A year had worn away, and in the course of my peregrinations I found myself passing the winter at Frankfort-Sur-Mayne. Frankfort is a fine town, and any person who has entered it, by water, from Mayence, will agree with me in pronouncing it to form a magnificent view, with its bridges and steeples peering from the distance, while the buildings on either side, constituting an apparent semi-circle, look gaily down upon the river. Few continental towns offer a more central mart for business than Frankfort: its merchants are wealthy and independent, many of their habitations are palaces, the people are cheerful, hospitable, and cultivated, and some of the best German is spoken there. From these reasons I supposed that it would form agreeable winter-quarters; and, accordingly, landing my baggage at the *Hotel de Russie*, I settled myself down for the ensuing four months. Acquaintances were not long in being formed, and my principal amusement was found in attendance on the Opera, where the orchestra is said to be one of the best in Germany. A favourite piece was to be performed, the subject borrowed from Scripture—"Joseph and his brethren,"—and the house was unusually crowded. I was in the *parterre*, and when the first act was over, instead of going out to secure some fresh air, turned round to admire the beauties, who graced the *premier rang*. Hardly, however, had I raised my glass to scrutinize them, than my attention was riveted by the same glowing features that had dazzled me in my vision on St. Peter's Hill: there they were, as animated, as pensive, and as radiant, but more real and more voluptuous than my dream had painted them. Overwhelmed by the identity, my brain became confused, and before I could assure myself that there was no mistake, the curtain rose, and I was obliged to turn to the stage. When allowed an opportunity, my first impulse was to return to my examination; but when I looked again—*she* was not there.

I need not say what direction this discovery gave to my pursuits: every feeling was on the rack, every hope excited, and every passion called into play. My dream then was not a dream; it was not the visionary child of sleep, but something palpable, something living, something that was to become blended with my

destinies. Hoping to learn something of the being who had thus been rendered familiar to me, I frequented all the public walks and amusements of Frankfort, but with equal ill-success. She was not to be found on the boulevards, nor in the churches, nor at any of the places where the inhabitants consort. There is a description of female club at Frankfort, which assembles during the winter months, and gives a ball every fortnight at the *Casino*, to which respectable strangers are admitted gratuitously. These balls I attended, but with continued want of fortune, until about five weeks after the rencontre at the theatre, when a German friend of mine came up and said that an English lady, "bien distinguée," and of the most surpassing beauty, had just entered the room, and that, as he was acquainted with her, if I was disposed to dance, he would be happy to introduce me. A sudden hope flashed upon me, and I readily availed myself of his politeness. Accordingly, he conducted me into a room which lay outside that wherein we were, and presented me to Mademoiselle ——. The drapery that hung over her exquisite figure, like that of the goddess of my dream, was elegant rather than splendid, and a veil was flung over her head and features. When my name had been mentioned, she gracefully withdrew the veil, permitting that long-sought for and most enchanting countenance to smile upon me; and as she gave me her hand, there was a tremor in it not inferior to that which I felt. We whirled through the maze of the waltz; and, after a short time, she complained of fatigue, and requested that I would lead her to a chair. I presumed to take my place beside her, when I learned that she was the daughter of an English peer, who, from some cause or other, had become a voluntary exile from the land of his birth, of which she remembered little but the language.

She next said, that was not the first time when she had seen *me*: and she blushed and I started. However, in explanation, she said that having been at Maestricht, in the autumn, she visited St. Peter's Hill, in company with some of her family; that it was evening time, and that, while admiring the dilapidated castle, they intruded on my slumbers. The proof of part of a MS. poem, which had already been announced as preparing for publication, lay beside me; and as my name previously was not quite "unknown to fame," a peep into this stray sheet attached more interest to the sleeper than a mere stranger would have merited. This little anecdote, told in all the candour of maiden innocence, induced the relation of my dream; and while I recounted the tale, methought its lovely heroine blushed into a tenfold increase of beauty.

The next day saw me at the mansion of the Earl of ——, to inquire how they felt after the exertion of the evening; for the same friend who had introduced me to the daughter repeated the kind office in regard to the father. The Lady Christina —— was burning with all the most exquisite poetry of feeling; her mind was the essence of the finest romance, and to the wild and fearless spirits of guileless youth she added all the enthusiasm and fervour of an impassioned Sappho. It is necessary to inform the reader that my visits were frequent; and their frequency soon assisted in rendering that destructive which had been incurable from the beginning. Oh! how can I look back to those days of intoxicating happiness, and not bid adieu to hope and reason in contemplating the sad sequel? If my heart should have become seared, and my affections withered, while yet "the laugh of youth adorns the cheek," and before

——— "the raven locks that grace this head
Their blackest tinge for ever have shed,"

I would ask, how could I have preserved them unblighted amid such a rotting pestilence? A few hours told me that I loved; and a few weeks convinced me that I was beloved! Time passed rapidly on; I living in the presence of my deity, and she unthinkingly drinking at a fountain, whose waters might be the sweetest, or, perhaps, like the little brook in the Apocalypse, turned to gall after they have been tasted. During all this period, how well could I have said with that pretty poetess, L. E. L.

"Methinks might that sweet season last,
In which our first love-dream is past;
Ere doubts and cares, and jealous pain,
Are flaws in the heart's diamond-chain,
Men might forget to think on heaven,
And yet have their sweet sin forgiven!

Summer had begun to call the vineyard into red maturity, and the intreaties of Christina, united to mine, had prevailed on the Earl —— to say that our nuptials should be celebrated in Paris in the ensuing September. We both were young, and both anticipated the future with that prophetic assurance of uninterrupted happiness which young hearts are too often inclined to do. We departed from Frankfort, blessing it for the scenes which it had witnessed, and repaired to the banks of the Rhine. We visited St. Goar by moonlight, and we strayed over the ruins of Andernach, recounting each legend of the olden time, and marvelling at the deeds of modern prowess. We did homage to French valour at the tombs of Hoche and Moreau; we gazed in admiration on the stupendous fortifications of Coblentz, and we

envied the picturesque inhabitants of Bingen, their vine-clad hills, and ocean river. We passed by the peaceful and lovely island of Nonenberg, left the panorama of the Seven Hills in disappointment, and, for a second time, became domesticated at the uncomfortable hotel of the "Reineberg," at Cologne.

We had been journeying for a delightful fortnight on the Rhine, in all the luxury that our situation, with the fortuitous assistance which the scenery of those countries brought, could supply. The ladies of the party, however, had sustained some little fatigue from the constant motion to which they had been subjected; and, in consequence, we had resolved on remaining at Cologne for some days. Christina was in her usual high tone of spirits; and, by the sweet moonlight, she would insist on promenading on the bridge of boats which stretched across the Rhine, immediately opposite the windows of the *Salle à manger* at the "Reineberg;" and there we would feel the fresh night-breeze fanning our temples, as we conjectured airy palaces for the disposal of the future.

It was after one of these walks, that she complained of not being in her accustomed good health; and in the morning her indisposition had so far increased, as to induce her not to leave her bed. It was, however, far from assuming a serious complexion; and, as her head was only slightly affected, we did not think it necessary to have recourse to medical advice. For three days the disorder seemed stationary; but, at length, suddenly became so violent, that the first opinion which Cologne could boast was found inefficacious. The physician pronounced her to be in a dangerous fever; and a few hours placed every thing beyond the reach of his skill. How can I sum up the detail? She, who had been all that makes life valuable, was cut off in the very blossoming of her hopes, and that form, which was such as might "fit a young divinity," was doomed to be served up as an early banquet for rottenness and corruption. Her obsequies were performed in the most simple manner; and her remains were laid in those striking cemeteries, outside Cologne, on the road leading to Aix-la-Chapelle. You remember them! never have I seen an abode of death where so much melancholy neatness and appealing care prevail; the little gilded crosses, the fresh chaplets, the flower wreaths, and the small plantations. As to my own feelings *they* require no explanation; it is enough to say that my heart has been left "alone in its remembering love."

Such was the tale recounted to me by an intimate friend, as, on the first of last October, we walked, beneath the light of the stars, on the *Place Guilliaume*, at Spa, in the Ardennes. D. S. L.

THE FACTIONS OF SIENNA,

A TALE OF ITALIAN HISTORY.

A plague on both your houses.—*Shakspeare.*

"How comes it, Charles," said the youthful and animated Angeliqua, as her brother entered the breakfast parlour, "that you look so sad this morning? Surely some new misfortune must have befallen our house.—"

"Our house," interrupted Charles with a sigh, as he seized the extended hand of his fair sister, "is now of small account. Once it could boast of as many followers brave and determined as any name in Italy, but this old castle, in Val de Strove, and a diminished domain, is all our rivals, the proud and pompous Salembenis, have left us as the remnant, dearest sister, of our ancient family."

"And these," said Angeliqua tenderly, "will suffice: the splendour of other days failed to communicate happiness to our fathers; their extensive possessions only served to involve them in perpetual wars; and believe me the loss of them will relieve you from the necessity of perpetual danger. I know my brother longs for those opportunities which war affords to distinguish himself, and would well become another sphere than the walls of this gloomy and turretted mansion; but time is never at rest, the fortune of tomorrow may be ours, and, while we are compelled to wait the event, let us learn, my good brother, to be contented with what yet remains to us."

"And that little," rejoined Charles, "has excited the cupidity of our enemies. That eternal boor, Casani, has again been here this morning; my little estate interrupts the economy of his farm, and he wishes to possess it."

"Well brother."

"I gave him, of course, a prompt denial."

"You did well, and now make yourself happy: I shall take my guitar and sing you the song you like so much, if you disperse that gloom from your brow. What, still dejected; surely you will think no more of Casani or of his proposal."

"I cannot help it, Angeliqua," said Charles mournfully, "the churl is wealthy, has great influence with the democratic government of Sienna, and as it hates our house, impotent as it now is, it is not impossible but it may lend its influence in forwarding his designs. The boor was more than usually impertinent this morning, he indulged in threats of a vague and mysterious nature; and though, for myself, I fear not his worst designs, I am not quite

so courageous when I think of my sister. This small possession is all of a once princely fortune that is left for her dowry; and, alas! a brother without friends is her solitary protector."

This was uttered in a tone of subdued melancholy, and it was not the less sad in consequence of the affected smile which accompanied it. Angeliqua, though blessed with the most buoyant spirits, had a mind attuned to the finest sensibilities; and the desponding aspect of her brother, no less than the tenderness he evinced for her, touched her heart: it swelled affectionately within her breast, and her eyes, while softly turned towards Charles, were suffused with tears. The young Montanini was sensibly touched with his sister's distress, and he now exerted himself to banish gloomy thoughts from their little breakfast table; but his endeavours were unavailing, his own heart forbade him to appear joyous, and Angeliqua sympathised too ardently with him not to see that he did violence to his own feelings in endeavouring to give a tone of gaiety to hers. Unable to appear what they really were not, happy and contented, a long unbroken silence was willingly permitted to ensue, and their reverie was interrupted only by the arrival of a numerous cavalcade in the court yard of the castle. Before they could conjecture the cause of such an unwonted visit, the governor of Sienna entered the apartment, "Charles Montanini," said he in an authoritative voice, "you are charged with treason against our republic; and I am instructed to compel your attendance before the senate now assembled in council."

"A less formidable escort," replied Charles, preparing to accompany the chief magistrate of the Siennese, "would be quite sufficient for your purpose. But may I enquire who are my accusers?"

"In this business," replied the governor, "the senate consider it unnecessary to preserve a prudent silence. The evidence against you has been laid by that good citizen Casani, your wealthy neighbour."

"Casani!" exclaimed Angeliqua, who had clung to her brother from the moment of his arrest; "surely that wretch—"

"Fair lady," interrupted the magistrate, at the same time making a low bow, "we cannot permit the reputation of a good citizen to be assailed with impunity. Your brother will accompany us forthwith to Sienna."

"I am ready to meet this vile charge promptly," said Charles, and he turned to console his sister before he departed. He whispered some hasty words of comfort in her ear, begged of her to

banish apprehension from her breast, and to amuse herself in her apartment, during his absence, which he felt assured would not be protracted beyond a few hours."

The day however passed away, and the young Montanini did not return. Angeliqua never quitted the casement which overlooked the road from Sienna; and her fears had attained to a fearful intensity as the evening approached. Her love for her brother overcame every other consideration; and anticipating the worst consequences from the hatred of his enemies, she resolved to proceed directly to the city. Accompanied by her maid she repaired to the great area, encircled by those splendid palaces of uniform altitude which give such a look of chaste brilliancy to the place, and here she learned from a person who was still attached to her fallen house, that her brother had a few hours before been fined twenty thousand crowns; and was, in default of payment, cast into prison. The mitigated penalty was the consequence of Casani's plans not having been sufficiently matured; and the senate, knowing Montanini's poverty, were satisfied with a sentence which consigned him to a dungeon, in all probability for life.

This new indignity offered to the heir of a name once powerful in Sienna, caused the blood to rush indignantly into Angeliqua's cheeks; but her habits were not of the heroic kind, and the proud glow which she felt soon yielded to the natural tenderness of her disposition. She thought only of her brother, and hastened to throw herself into his arms.

In an hour she was obliged to quit the prison: the gaoler could not any longer permit the presence of strangers; and it was already dark when she found herself in the street of palaces. Her attitude was one of distress; and, wholly absorbed in her emotions, she never thought of concealing the tears that now streamed copiously down her cheeks. A gallant, in a dress which bespoke dignity of birth, stopped as he was passing, and feelingly enquired the cause of her distress. At another time she would have shrunk from so inquisitive a stranger; but the anguish of the present moment rendered her somewhat eager to impart her sorrows to others, and, as the manner of the young stranger was kind in the extreme, she did not hesitate to confide to him the nature of the misfortune which oppressed her.

"It is the cause of faction," said he in a tone of sympathy, "and if I am not misinformed the dispute between the houses of Montanini and Salembeni dates its origin from a boar-chase at which one of the latter house lost his life."

"I believe," returned Angeliqua, pleased with the seeming interest taken by the stranger in the affairs of her house, "the long wars which have desolated the country take their rise from a very ridiculous source."

"And though," said the stranger, "the Salembenis are now at the head of the state, the heir of that house, like your brother, has got an only sister, and is himself unmarried."

"So I have heard," returned Angeliqua, "but now sir, you will excuse me; the hour is late and I must repair to my home."

"Not alone, entirely," said the gallant; "my knightly honour would stand impeached if I permitted a fair damsel to proceed at such an hour unattended;" so saying he quickened his step, and as the road, though short, was dreary, Angeliqua did not decline his company. His conversation as they walked along, was lively and engaging: he evinced an intimate acquaintance with the popular poets of the day; and was evidently familiar with those fair courtesies, a knowledge of which are to be acquired only in the higher walks of life: Angeliqua felt her sorrows somewhat lightened as she listened to him; and she almost wished, like Desdemona, that "heaven had made her such a man."

They had reached a part of the road which lay among some trees, and were unconscious of danger, when two ruffians in masks, rushed from the concealment of the shade, and seized, with considerable violence, Angeliqua and her maid, both of whom they were proceeding to carry off the road, when the stranger interrupted their design. His sword was instantly through the body of one of them, and though the other made a desperate stand, he ultimately thought it advisable to retreat from so scientific an adversary. Angeliqua, when she revived from her alarm, was boundless in her acknowledgments; but her protector merely intimated that he had only acquitted himself as a good knight, and would willingly be of some further service to a family which he had long respected. In the most delicate manner he offered his services, and begged that the heir of Montanini would command his purse.

"It must be worse than affectation in me," said Angeliqua, "to appear offended at your kind proposal: am I at liberty to communicate it to my brother, the name of his friend would gratify him."

"I fear not," returned the stranger, "there are circumstances which prohibit me from communicating it. But—"

"In that case," interrupted Angeliqua, in calm dignity, "I can hear nothing further on the subject: we are not fallen so low as to need anonymous protectors."

The stranger protested that he meant not to offend her, and finding that she resolutely refused to listen to him any further on the question, he took his departure.

As Angeliqua was preparing to visit Sienna, the next morning, she was most agreeably surprised by the sudden and unexpected entrance of her brother. He looked rather serious, and eagerly inquired by what means she had raised the amount of his fine. The question surprised her, and when assured that Charles knew not the friend to whom he was indebted for his liberty, she immediately concluded, that the stranger of the preceding evening had done him that kindness. Here was a new source of anxiety. Montanini did not desire to be an object of pity; his proud spirit revolted at the idea of being indebted to the compassionate spirit of any man, and if the young cavalier had not some sinister motive, why refuse to communicate his name? His protection of Angeliqua entitled him to his gratitude, and though it was barely possible that his designs on his sister were not quite honourable, he would not, for a moment, indulge in an idea which went even remotely to impeach the high honor of a daughter of the exalted name of Montanini. Angeliqua saw distinctly enough what was passing in her brother's mind, and as she could not bear that her unknown friend should be even suspected of improper motives, she continued, now and then, to mention little circumstances which were calculated to raise the stranger in her brother's estimation. Still he had refused to leave his name behind him; and Charles would not consent to be the debtor of an anonymous friend. "I shall find him out," said he, "among the cavaliers of the city; and, though it cost me this old castle and domain, he shall be forthwith repaid."

He arose to carry his resolution into effect, but had not time to leave the apartment, when the governor of Sienna again made his appearance. "Once more," said he, "you are the prisoner of the state, on a charge of a still more serious nature than that of yesterday."

With the proud consciousness of innocence, Charles submitted, and was once more conducted before the tribunal of Sienna: Casani, pale and feverish, appeared as a witness against him, and his evidence was corroborated by a host of followers. They charged the prisoner with having conspired against the republic, and implicated several others in the alleged crime. Charles could only deny the charge with indignation, but his enemies had spread their meshes so extensively that wherever he turned he was encountered by difficulties. "You thirst for my blood," said he,

addressing the senate; "take it: but if the name of Montanini is not forgotten in Sienna, I'll be revenged."

He refused to say more; sentence of death was recorded against him, and he was hurried to a dungeon.

Next morning the bells of Sienna tolled a melancholy note: the population was in motion; some looked serious, others vindictive; while over all was cast an ominous gloom, a kind of shadow which, in disturbed states, precedes fearful events. The lower orders spoke in whispers of the young Montanini: they believed him innocent, and wished to avert his fate; but though the government, from its excessive exactions, had become hateful to the people, they were not sufficiently combined to offer any resistance to its decrees. The fate of Charles was, therefore, considered certain; and all crowded to the area where the scaffold had been erected. As the prisoner approached the place the solemn silence was interrupted by a loud scream, and all eyes were turned towards a female, young and bewildered, but still beautiful through her excess of anguish, who was struggling to make her way through the dense guard which encircled Montanini. "She is my sister!" exclaimed Charles, "let her pass." But the authorities, apprehensive that the interview would produce some ill-effects upon a populace already disaffected, rudely repulsed her; and she was borne, in a state of insensibility, from amongst the thronging crowd. When Angeliqua recovered, she found herself in a splendid apartment, and as she turned her eyes to see if any one were present, they encountered those of the gallant stranger who had rescued her from the ruffians only a few evenings before. She affected no surprise; she was too miserable to think of her own situation, or of the circumstances in which she was placed. Her first words were inquiringly, "My brother?"

"Is safe," said the stranger, "his enemies have been disappointed."

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, "and to whom are we indebted for so timely and unhoped for a service?"

"To one," he replied, seizing her hand passionately, "who will accept of only one return—the privilege of calling this hand his own."

Angeliqua, covered with blushes, would have replied, but, as she was about to speak, a fearful shout rent the air, and, at the same moment, a servant entered and hastily communicated something to his master. "Fair lady," he said, turning to Angeliqua, "you have nothing to fear: remain where you are until you see

your brother; my presence, for a few moments, is required at the council-chamber—but I shall return presently; and perhaps you would do me the honour to introduce me to Charles Montanini."

The shouting of the people still continued; and Angeliqua, full of alarm, and fearful that the stranger had deceived her, respecting the fate of her brother, hastily quitted the house. She had no sooner gained the street than the populace recognized her. "It is the sister of Montanini!" they exclaimed, "we'll carry her to the palace of her ancestors." Without further ceremony they bore her along to the area, and here, in the splendid home of her fathers, she met her brother, surrounded by bands of armed citizens. Half a score maidens immediately appeared in attendance upon her.

The events of the day were speedily communicated to her; and she learned, with surprise, that a revolution had taken place in Sienna. Charles, it appeared, had already mounted the scaffold; his neck was bared, the executioner stood by, and the officer was about to drop the fatal signal, when a respite arrived: this, however, did not satisfy the people: they exclaimed to each other, "Our rulers are unjust, the brave Montanini has been wronged—down with the faction of Salembeni," and, with sudden frenzy, they proceeded to open revolt. The officers of government were almost instantly massacred; the nobles fled with precipitation; and the convict of the morning was now declared to be "the man of the people." This was no more than Charles considered himself entitled to; and he lost no time in seconding the efforts of his friends to procure the liberation of Sienna. He had just been installed in his high office of dictator, in his own grand hall, when his sister arrived; and, her safety being provided for, he proceeded to the council-chamber, of which the elders of his faction had already possessed themselves. In a few days the new government had acquired the utmost stability; and several of the adverse party were in prison, amongst others the heir of the hostile name of Salembeni. On examining some documents which fell into his hands, Charles discovered, that the boor, Casani, was one of the ruffians who attempted to carry off his sister, the better, perhaps, to possess himself of Montanini's domain; and while he was meditating a fit punishment for such a delinquent, his secretary, having assured him that Casani was already dead, being killed in the first day's revolt, laid before him papers of still greater importance: they related to Salembeni, and contained proofs that Charles had been indebted to the generosity

of his opponent, first for his liberty, and subsequently for his life.

Montanini was not ungrateful; and his house had been always distinguished for the performance of noble deeds. He willingly obeyed the impulse of the moment, and in less than an hour the young Salembeni was a guest in the house of his rival. On being introduced to Angeliqua he modestly bent his eyes on the ground; but she quickly discovered in the proud adversary of her house, the youthful stranger who had rendered her such services, and who had created so intense an interest in her heart.

In a month or two peace was permanently restored to Sienna by the union of the two rival houses. Salembeni and Angeliqua were amongst the happiest of the happy; and in the sister of his friend, Charles discovered a lady of congenial disposition and surpassing beauty. They were all married on the same day and before the same altar.*

HER YOUNG HEART'S LOVE WAS MINE.

In childhood's hour, while oft we roved,
Hand locked in hand, alone,
O'er scenes expanding fancy loved,
Our joys, our griefs, were one.
Then, when life's spring to beauty's flower
Gave charms most like divine,
Even in that early, happy hour,
Her young heart's love was mine!

The flower of beauty bloomed awhile
For youth not yet was gone;
And many a flatterer woo'd her smile,
Yet was it mine alone!
Yes, though its wiles light pleasure strove
Around her path to twine,
In vain the specious snare she wove;
Her young heart's love was mine!

Her cheek, before so softly fair,
A deeper hue assumed;
Yet though the rose seemed living there
Too deeply warm it bloomed.
What—need I more—the drooping flower
Death-struck, was seen to pine;
Yet, e'en in life's last fitful hour,
Her young heart's love was mine!

CHARLES M.

---

* The incidents on which this tale is founded are ascribed, by the historian of Sienna, to the year 1395.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THAT eternal question, Catholic Emancipation, seems to have been all-absorbing during the preceding month: people did not allow themselves to read any thing but the parliamentary debates, and the gay and fascinating novel has been for once abandoned for the speeches of politicians and political economists. The booksellers in the west-end complain sadly of the stagnation of trade, and reviewers, of course, have bewailed the great dearth of new books. There have, however, been a few good ones: "The Collegians," by the author of "The Munster Festivals," is calculated to add considerably to Mr. Griffin's popularity; and is one of the few Irish novels which depends for its interest on domestic events, apart from political agitation and the excitation of insurrectionary moments. Unlike Mr. Banim, the author does not excel in delineating pictures of tumult and conflict, where all the bad passions of our nature are engaged; his views are of a more sober kind: he contents himself with introducing us to the Irish hearth—with bringing us acquainted with the domestic views of a people peculiarly circumstanced; and from his pages we may learn to modify and correct our notions of Irish society. Instruction, however, approaches us under the most agreeable disguise. His characters are novel and well sustained; and his style is smooth, possessing more of elegance than strength, and admirably suited to the subject which he selects for embellishment. The plot of "The Collegians" is extremely simple: a young man of family marries a woman in the humbler walks of life, and conceals his union from his friends. Her affectionate tenderness cannot blind him to the defects of her education, and disgust succeeds to neglect. In order to be enabled to marry another lady he hires an assassin, but just as he is approaching the altar where his second nuptials were to have been celebrated, the dreadful fact is discovered: he is executed, and the second "Collegian" finds a wife in his intended bride. The early part of the work is very inferior to the latter.

The Ettrick Shepherd has collected a series of tales from his contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine," and published them under the title of "The Shepherd's Calendar." They purport to give a faithful picture of rustic life in Scotland; and abound in that uncouth and inharmonious dialect which the Waverley novels tended to make classical, but which, in Mr. Hogg's hands, becomes sometimes unintelligible. The Ettrick Shepherd, however, is a man of genius, and those who can master the repulsive

brogue in which he has chosen to enshroud his thoughts, will meet in these sketches much to amuse.

A very curious little volume has recently appeared, entitled, "Thoughts concerning man's condition and duties in this life, and his hopes in the world to come." It is the composition of Lord Pitsligo, a memoir of whom precedes the "Thoughts." It is well written, and details several interesting particulars of a nobleman who had many hair-breadth 'scapes. His lordship was greatly attached to the house of Stuart, and, as they phrase it in Scotland, was "out" in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. On the latter occasion he distinguished himself as a partisan of the Pretender, and on the failure of his wild plans became a fugitive in his native country, Scotland. The officers of justice were perpetually in pursuit of him, but without success. "One of the narrowest escapes," says his biographer, "which he made from discovery, when met in his mendicant's dress by those who were in search of him, was attended with circumstances which made the adventure singularly romantic and interesting. At that time there lived in that district of the country, a fool called Sandy Annand, a well-known character. The kindly feelings of the peasantry of Scotland to persons of weak intellect are well known, and are strongly marked by the name of 'The Innocent,' which is given to them. They are generally harmless creatures, contented with the enjoyment of the sun and air as their highest luxuries, and privileged to the hospitality of every house, so far as their humble wants require. There is often, too, a mixture of shrewdness with their folly, and they are always singularly attached to those who are kind to them. Lord Pitsligo, disguised as usual, had gone into a house where the fool happened to be at the time. He immediately recognized him, and did not restrain his feelings, as others did in the same situation, but was busily employed in showing his respect for his lordship, in his own peculiar and grotesque manner, expressing his great grief at seeing him in such a fallen state, when a party entered the house to search for him. They asked the fool who was the person that he was lamenting thus. What a moment of intense anxiety both to Lord Pitsligo and the inmates of the house! It was impossible to expect any other answer from the poor weak creature, but one which would betray the unfortunate nobleman. Sandy, however, with that shrewdness which men of his intellect often exhibit on the most trying occasions, said, 'He kent him aince a muckle farmer, but his sheep a' dee'd in the 40.' It was looked upon as

a special interposition of Providence, which put such an answer into the mouth of the fool."

His lordship died at the house of a friend in 1762, at the advanced age of 85. His understanding was strong, and the present volume, purporting to be his "Thoughts," may be read with advantage.

"The Sorrows of Rosalie" has reached a fourth edition, and we are induced to notice it again in consequence of several pretty pieces of poetry having been introduced into this edition. We extract one of them.

THE CAPTIVE.

In my dungeon I sat weeping
Till I sank to brief repose,
And forgot, while I was sleeping,
That I slept among my foes!
For sweet music round came floating,
Music of my native land,
For whose dear sake my life devoting,
I had sought a foreign strand.

Ravished, I enraptured listened
To the well-remembered lay,
In mine eye soft tear-drops glistened,
Which I would not wipe away;
In mine ear were voices ringing—
Tones whose magic now is past,
Rosy lips around me bringing
Which have breathed and sung their last!

Oh, 'twas sweet! but soon awaking,
I could hear no sound at all,
Save the mournful billow breaking
Hoarsely o'er my dungeon-wall.
Back the cruel winds had driven
What had been so dear to me,—
I caught it like a harp from heaven,
Fading o'er the dreary sea!"

Should any of our fair readers be inclined to visit Madras, they would do well to provide themselves with "Letters on the Climate, Inhabitants, Productions, &c. of the Neilgherries or Blue Mountains, of Coimbatoor, South India," by James Hough; for it appears this region, though cursed with a most inharmonious name, is blessed with a peculiar salubrity; the breathing of its sanatory air being the best possible remedy against those complaints incidental to India. These mountains are situate two or three days journey from the coast of Malabar, and are little more than forty miles in length and about fifteen miles in mean breadth. European vegetables and flowers thrive remarkably well in this climate, and it is remarkable that the inhabitants, in

their appearance, are very superior to the other natives of India. No doubt the Blue Mountains will become the Montpellier of the east.

Military men seem determined to wield the pen while they are compelled to let the sword lie inactive. In addition to the numerous works which have already appeared relative to recent campaigns, there has been published within these few weeks, "Military Memoirs of Four Brothers," by the survivor. Their career was that of a thousand others; they were natives of Staffordshire: all of them fought bravely, three of them died gloriously, and the survivor has, in the volume before us, undertaken to chronicle their virtues and heroism. Their adventures, however, were not very romantic, and though the book may interest their friends, we question much if it excites any interest beyond the circle of their immediate acquaintance.

Of a very different nature and tendency is "The Naval Officer, or Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay." The author, we understand, is a Captain Marriot, and he has chosen, under the thin disguse of an ill-concocted fiction, to caricature some dozen of his naval friends. The hero of the tale runs through a variety of adventures, from his schoolboy days to his attainment of naval command; and though his achievements are sufficiently varied, his conduct is never edifying. The work, on the whole, is excessively dull.

Amongst the forthcoming works are, a novel from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, three volumes of "Tales" by Mr. Grattan, the author of "Highways and Byways," and a new work by Mr. Washington Irving.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

EVENING DRESS.

Over a slip of pink satin, a crape dress of the same colour, trimmed at the border, with crape *bouilloné*; the fullness confined at intervals by a strap formed of one satin rouleau, and entwined by an ornament, *en serpentine*, consisting of several very narrow satin rouleaux placed close together. The body made plain, and very low, particularly at the shoulders, with a falling ornament, in points, of crape, edged with narow blond on a bias binding of satin, according to fancy. The hair, simply and elegantly arranged, in light and easy curls on each side the face, and ornamented with puffs of pink and silver, or pink and white gauze riband; ear-pendants of pear-pearls. An elegant evening scarf

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

WALKING DRESS. EVENING COSTUME.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR APRIL, 1829.

Published by James Robins & Co London.

sible distance from the other, surround the crown, in two rows: whoever has set this preposterous fashion it is to be hoped it will not take; it is painful to the sight, and to the *hearing*, by the ridicule and laughter it excites.

The most admired colours are pink, chocolate, ethereal-blue, bright-geranium, and spring-green.

Modes de Paris.

EVENING COSTUME.

A dress of celestial-blue satin bordered with branches of embossed foliage of the same colour, and this border headed by a narrow rouleau. The corsage *à la Sevigné*, with short sleeves, to which are affixed those which are long, of *crêpe-acrophane*, *à la Mameluke*, confined at the wrists by bracelets of blue and gold enamel. White turbans *à la Psyche*, ornamented with the flower called monks-hood and a bird-of-paradise plume, on the right side. Diamond necklace and ear-rings. Very long and broad lappets of blond, depend from each side of the turban.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of gros de Naples, the colour of the Parma-violet, ornamented at the border with a broad hem, on which is embroidery in floize silk, about three shades darker than the pelisse: the hem also is surmounted by a row of embroidery, in a pattern of vine-leaves. A pelerine is worn round the shoulders, edged with a frill, and the throat encircled by a double ruff of blond. A belt surrounds the waist, of velvet or satin, the same colour as the pelisse. The hat is of satin, the colour *éminence;* trimmed with riband of the same colour, and with white blond.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN MARCH, 1829.

The concerts at the French Vauxhall have been fashionably attended. Crape dresses of bright rose-colour, or Navarino-blue, seemed very predominant. Dresses of lemon-coloured gros de Naples, embroidered with blue silk, and made with short sleeves, have been much admired at public concerts. The short sleeves are very full, and are laid in flutings, which have not been unaptly compared to the flambeaux-extinguishers on each side of the great gates leading to a nobleman's mansion. The corsages of all low dresses are very much cut away from the shoulders, the greater part are made with drapery across the breast. Satin dresses of pearl-grey have long sleeves, and at the shoulders several small regular plaits, which form a wing-epaulette, like that on the uniform of the English light infantry. A dress has appeared of rose-coloured Norwich crape, ornamented with a

border as high as the knee, of wreaths of flowers, painted in two shades of green, and relieved with gold: they represented the leaves of oak, with the acorns. Another elegant dress was of white crape, with a broad painted border of three differently coloured Canterbury bells; purple and gold, blue and silver, and orange-colour and gold.

A coiffeure *à la Druidesse*, is very fashionable; this consists of a wreath of oak-leaves, with acorns. Blue-bells also form a favourite wreath on the hair of young persons, especially when it is of a light brown. Feathers are universally worn in full dress. Spanish hats of cherry-coloured velvet are also a favourite head-dress: besides the plumes which ornament the front, there are some of these hats which have two feathers placed obliquely round the crown, and which, after having encircled the base of it, bend their tips under the brim. Some head-dresses in hair are adorned with a very large rose, and a bud placed quite on the summit of the head towards the right. A coronet-wreath of small roses is also often seen to ornament the tresses. Several turbans of gauze have round cauls, with cordons of flowers, crossed over them; those turbans of the Moabitish kind, of gold or silver tissue, are much admired by ladies who are eminent for their taste in dress. Morning caps for *dejeuné costume* are of blond, with a few puffs of coloured riband in front; and some caps for home costume are of coloured tulle, and have bands of the same, festooned up in two long points, which on one side form a tufted ornament by being brought together, and terminating by a *ruche* which surrounds the cap.

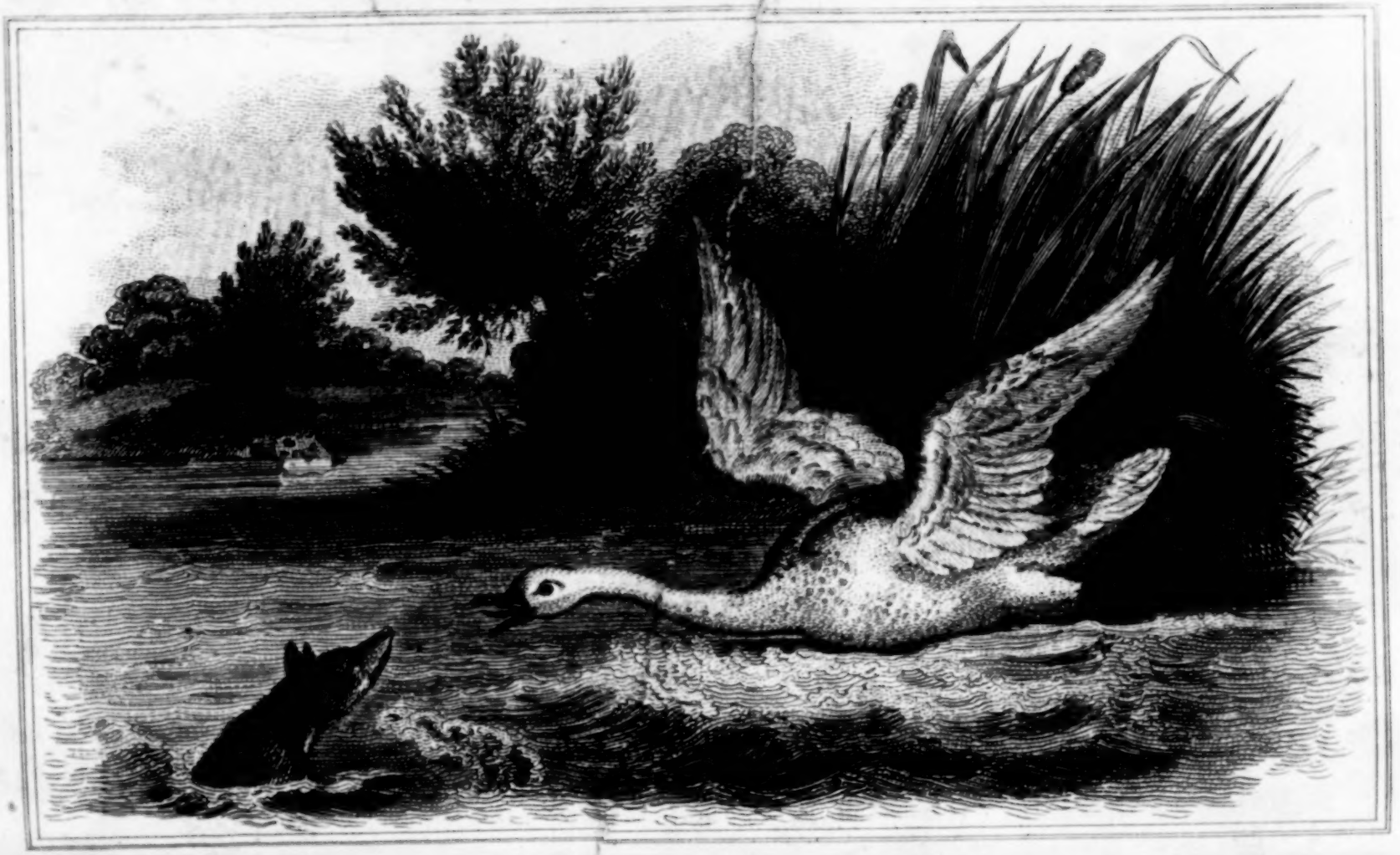
Wrapping pelisses of light-coloured satin, are the most favourite envelopes for out-door costume. High dresses of poplin or Merino are, with the addition of a pelerine, much in request for the promenade.

Bonnets of gros de Naples, the colour English-green, are trimmed at the edge of the brim with black blond, *en demi-voile*, above which is a *ruche* of black tulle. Hats of rose-coloured satin, trimmed with blond, prevail much at the different promenades. These hats are generally lined with white; and sometimes the ribands which ornament the crown are white also; but then they are spotted, and the spots are of the same colour as the hat.

The gloves are all ornamented at the back of the hand in coloured embroidery.

The half-boots worn by the French ladies have heels, the height of half an inch.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP



THE SWAN.